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Pro-Slavery.

In this Department we give place to such extracts from the Pro-Slavery Press, North and South, as serve best to illustrate the character of Slavery and the spirit of its champions and apologists.

DEMANDS OF THE SLAVE POWER.

[Extract from the speech of Hon. W. L. YANCEY, of Alabama, at Columbia, S. C., July 8th, 1859].

IT has been said lately—not wisely, I think—by a very eminent gentleman, that our fathers did not understand the question of slavery. I think they understood it well—understood it as well as we—and they gave evidence of the fact by that wise statesmanship with which they framed the institutions under which we live; and the only sense in which the remark may be true is that they may not have comprehended that full industrial and pecuniary value, as since developed by the machinery of the cotton gin and spinning jenny, which were not then invented.

But our fathers showed their knowledge of its importance by making it one of the three primary objects of constitutional protection, which were—the equality of the several States; the revenue question; and last, not least, the question of slavery. They interwove this institution into the legislative and executive power of the country. No other species of property was considered to demand special protection. Wherever slavery exists, in proportion to that number, is there an increase of legislative power in Congress given to that State. Of all the species of property which existed at that time, slave property was the only one which our fathers deemed necessary to protect against the aggressive attacks of fanaticism by avowed provision in the Constitution. Our fathers also apprehended in that day that they did not have a sufficiency of slave property, and the State of South Carolina, with one other, refused to become part of the new government, unless by the Constitution she should be protected in the importation of African slaves until the year 1808. So vigilant were they in their guardianship of this institution that it was provided there should be no amendment of the Constitution which should deprive them of this right of importation before the year 1808. If you look into the Constitution, you will find this provision in its fifth article. It is expressly said that no amendment should in any degree affect that clause of the Constitution which prohibited Congress from interdicting the slave trade. So that while it might be amended in reference to any other commercial or industrial interests, there was no power of amendment which could reach the slave trade before the year 1808. Thus, it will be seen, it cannot be truly said that our fathers did not understand the institution of slavery and the necessities of its protection. The Constitution is full of protection, but yields nowhere the power to injure.

I have no complaints to make against the Constitution. For one, I think the only complaint that can be made to-day is that it has been disregarded and violated in order to trample upon the rights and power of the South by political and religious demagogues.

In the year 1851, the anti-slavery element reached its point of aggression. In that year three laws were passed, each of which was in violation of our constitutional rights and subversive of the true policy of the South. One was the admission of California into the Union under free soil process of Squatter Sovereignty; the other was the dismemberment of the slave domain of the State of Texas, by which a large portion of her territory was again taken under the dominion of the Federal Government—doubtless to come under the rule of Squatter Sovereignty; the other was the act interdicting the slave trade between the slave States and the District of Columbia. Congress having interdicted the foreign trade, was not content to stop there, but also struck a blow at the internal slave trade. If this act was passed upon the power to regulate commerce between the States, if by any principle whatever Congress has power to prohibit the trade between the States and the District of Columbia, then there is no constitutional difficulty to prohibit it between Georgia and South Carolina. Here was, also, a blow at the right of purchase in the home market. This, also, was the culminating point of the march of Abolition, and it might then have well paused in satisfaction at its progress. The power of increase of the institution of slavery by purchase had been prohibited; its power of expanding throughout nine-tenths of the public domain had been denied to them; the right to transfer and sell, in a portion even of the slaveholding community, had also been denied to it. Thus, wounded in its most vital parts, its enemies might have well been content to have permitted time to accomplish the balance of their design—its gradual and perfect destruction.

Mr. Douglas asserts that a Territorial Legislature may rightfully make slavery the subject of unjust discrimination. We meet this proposition by demanding the same protection by law for the rights of slaveholders which is given by law for the protection of the rights of the holders of any other species of property. The South makes no demand for a slave code. She does demand—she will insist upon it, she will have it—an equal protection to slavery with that given to all other species of property. If she cannot get that protection in the Union, she will have it out of it. Under a proper interpretation and action upon the Constitution, the South could have kept equal position with the North in settling our public domain. Until the year 1808, the South did possess equal powers with the North to settle our wild lands. The only difference between the two was in the fact that the Constitution allowed the emigration of European laborers, which invariably flowed into Northern ports and settled Northern lands; while the same Constitution allowed to the South the importation of her laborers from the Continent of Africa. This power of increase upon the part of the South was, until the year 1808, limited only by its power to purchase. The only limitation upon the migration of free labor into the Northern States was the ability of the oppressed in Europe to pay for their passage to this land. But since 1808 this power to increase its labor has been denied to the South by the act of our government; while, during the half century that has since elapsed, the stream of European labor has constantly flowed into the North, sometimes reaching as much as a half million a year. It is this advantage, thus obtained by the North, which has built her railroads, dug her canals, excavated her harbors, cut down her forests, and extended her limits from the Atlantic to the Pacific Ocean. And now, in all the Territories of the United States, out of this vast restless and landless population of the North, any number of emigrants can be had at a day's warning to seize upon the new Territories, and, by the aid of the Douglas policy, to pass aggressive acts of legislation against the South, before a sufficient number of Southern men, with their slave property, can move to the Territories. Are we to submit quietly to this doctrine—this policy to become the settled rule of Territorial legislation? If we do, we give up all hope of expansion. We must be content to exist, like the girdled tree, lingering out a feeble existence, in a short time to die under the influence of such a policy. The great question for us to solve is, What shall be our course in relation to this unjust policy? How are we to disenthral ourselves? Such a question demands a union of sentiment as well as a union of action among our people. We are told that we are progressing towards its proper solution, because it is said that it is now stronger than ever within the Union, and, therefore, may hope to control the Union. In one sense this is true, but not true in the sense in which it has been uttered. The South is stronger now than she was twenty years ago. She is stronger because more united; because party shackles sit more lightly upon her people; because she has determined the question of the morality of slavery in its favor; because she has determined the question of its great primary value in its favor; because she has determined the political bearings of slavery in its favor.

But, while we are thus stronger within ourselves, we are not relatively stronger, considered with reference to our opponents. They, too, are more united in sentiment against us. There are but two great factions at the North. One would crush us by the direct action of the general government; the other would indirectly crush by hostile territorial legislation. But the true question is not, are we stronger than we have been, but are we as strong as our necessities require? Are we as strong as we rightfully ought to be? This question must be answered in the negative. Can we have any hope of righting ourselves and doing justice to ourselves in the Union? If there is such hope, it would be our duty to make the attempt. For one, I have no such hope, but I am determined to act with those who have such hope, as long, and only as long, as it may be reasonably indulged. Not so much with any expectation that the South will obtain justice in the Union, as with the hope that by thus acting, within a reasonable time, there will be obtained unity among our people in going out of the Union. If we remain in the Union, we must demand a repeal of every unconstitutional act against the institution of slavery. We must demand a repeal of the acts of 1807, 1819, 1851. We must demand that it shall be a settled policy of this government, that wherever slavery shall exist under the flag of the Union, it shall receive full and adequate protection from the Federal Government. If we can obtain these demands, then we shall be in a condition to fill the glorious destiny that awaits us. When we have obtained these demands within the Union, we may look to measures for the acquisition of new Territories fit for a slave population. Without them, the acquisition of such territories would but prove another curse to the South.

To obtain the aid of the Democracy in this contest, it is necessary to make a contest in its Charleston Convention. In that body, Douglas's adherents will press his doctrine to a decision. If the States Rights men keep out of that Convention, that decision must inevitably be against the South, and that either in direct favor of the Douglas doctrine or by the indorsement of the Cincinnati platform, under which Douglas claims shelter for his principles.

The States Rights men should present in that Convention their demand for a decision, and they will obtain an indorsement of their demands, or a denial of these demands. If indorsed, we shall have greater hope of triumph within the Union. If denied, in my opinion, the States Rights wing should secede from the Convention, and appeal to the whole people of the South, without distinction of parties, and organize another Convention upon the basis of their principles; and to go into the election with a candidate nominated by it, as a grand Constitutional party. But, in the Presidential contest, a Black Republican may be elected. If this dire event should happen, in my opinion the only hope of safety for the South is a withdrawal from the Union before he shall be inaugurated, and the sword and the Treasury of the Federal Government shall be placed in the keeping of that party. I would suggest that the several State Legislatures should, by law, require their governments, when it shall be made manifest that the Black Republican candidate for the Presidency shall receive a majority of the electoral votes, to call a Convention of the people of the State to assemble in ample time to provide for their safety before the 4th of March, 1861. If, however, a Black Republican should not be elected, then, in pursuance of the policy of making this contest within the Union, we should initiate measures, in Congress, which should lead to a repeal of all the unconstitutional acts against slavery. If we should fail to obtain so just a system of legislation, then the South should seek her independence out of the Union.

I believe the South to be amply able to protect herself from aggression upon the part of the whole world, when in the position of an independent Southern Confederacy. We have eight millions of people educated to the use of arms, trained to self-reliance, with a thorough knowledge of governmental principles, with as much real spirit and manhood as was ever possessed by any people. We have unity of production, unity of institutions, and a compact country. We have the great product without which the world cannot do. We are rich in all the elements of prosperity. When our fathers resisted the whole might of England, they were scattered along the seaboard of the Atlantic. They possessed no such good government as we possess in our State governments; they had no system of revenue such as we possess; they had no such arms or means of manufacturing arms as we possess. They were but three millions in number; they were divided even among themselves as to the propriety of their resistance, and yet for eight long years they maintained the contest with England, and maintained it triumphantly. We, far differently, far more favorably situated, with nearly three times the number, with almost infinitely greater resources and wealth, can defy a world in arms. We have one other power—a power never to be despised, always to be desired—it is the power derived from being right in our cause.

A SOUTHERN ARGUMENT IN FAVOR OF THE AFRICAN SLAVE TRADE.

From The Mobile Register, July 12.

THE institution of slavery has been engaged for near half a century in a fierce and vital struggle with fanaticism. It has borne the brunt of a fearful crusade, in which the mad zeal of misguided philanthropy, the radicalism of an infidel political philosophy, and the untiring artifices of national rivalries, have been combined for its overthrow and destruction. From perilous discomfiture in the first onslaught and the early stages of the struggle, it has at length risen to conquer the vantage ground, rolled back the tide of assault, and lacks now but little of a complete and conclusive victory. *But one more effort is wanting to consummate the victory. There is but one stronghold of its enemies which remains to be carried to complete its triumph and assure its welfare. That is the existing prohibition of the African slave trade.* Until that hostile fortress ceases to frown upon the confines of slavery, the voice of true patriotism and statesmanship in these Southern States will not cease to cry out, in the language of the sagacious old Roman, *delenda est Carthago.*

We repel in advance the charge that, in venturing upon the discussion of this subject, we are aiding to introduce a new and disorganizing element into the political issues on which parties are at present associated, or that we are casting an apple of discord among the Southern people, pregnant with mischief and damage to their interests. We do not propose now to engraft this question upon our party platform, or make it the shibboleth of our political fraternity. *Thorough as are our convictions upon the merits of the question, we are satisfied the time is not ripe for making it a political and party issue.* Not only is the public sentiment of the North unanimous against the measure in question, *but the mind of the South is as yet unprepared for it.* Our purpose is to assist in developing and elucidating the question for the consideration of the Southern people, nor can we perceive any reasonable objection to agitating the thoughts of an enlightened and self-governing people upon a subject which deeply concerns their interests to meditate and understand. We are decidedly of opinion that both the honor and the interests of these Southern States require *that the Federal statutes against the African slave trade should be repealed,* and that the treaty complications of our government with other nations denouncing the traffic and aiming at its prohibition should be withdrawn from.

It is unquestionable that all this action of our Federal government against the African slave trade is based upon the idea and assumption that slavery is in itself sinful and criminal. All the ingenuity and sophistry cannot resist the stern logic of this conclusion. The morality of the African slave trade cannot be separated from that of the institution of slavery. *If the African slave trade is wrong, and sinful, and infamous, the same is also true not only of our inter-state slave trade, but of our institution of slavery itself.* He who receives and enjoys stolen goods, knowing them to have been stolen, is equally criminal with the thief. If the African slave trade is wicked and criminal now, it was so during all the times when our country was stocked with negroes from Africa. If it was sinful and infamous then to bring slaves from Africa, it was equally so to receive and purchase and hold them, and the vice and infamy of the tenure has been transmitted and perpetuated to the present time, stamping and pervading the whole institution of slavery at the South with crime, and branding every slaveholder in the land with the mark of guilt and dishonor. It will be observed that it is not merely the inhumanities which were practised in the transportation of the negroes from Africa—"the horrors of the middle passage"—that is denounced—it is the traffic in general and *per se,* however humanely conducted, and although the negroes may have been transfered from a condition of slavery in Africa to the same in this country.

Now, the question arises, is it consistent with the self-respect, the dignity, the honor of the Southern people, to rest satisfied under the degrading stigma upon their most essential political institution which these statutes against the slave trade clearly imply? Whatever may be their views as to the policy of reöpening the trade, should they continue tamely to acquiesce in those odious laws, and thus to stand convicted before the world, on their own tacit confession, of a magnitude of guilt in effect characterized as equivalent to the atrocious crime of piracy? Will the Southern people content themselves with the mere material enjoyment of their slavery institution, regardless of and indifferent to whatever degrading aspersions may be cast upon it? Is this worthy of a proud, independent and chivalrous people? If they sincerely believe, as they claim, that slavery is right, must they not feel and admit that they stand disgraced as long as they forbear to demand that every law reflecting, however remotely, upon the institution shall be expunged from the statute book? For our part, as a Southern man, persuaded and convinced of the morality of slavery, and devoted to it as the beneficent source and wholesome foundation of our civilization, *we chafe with a scarcely repressible impatience under the degrading reflection which these slave trade statutes cast upon our institutions and our people;* and we cannot conceive how any Southern man, who is imbued with a proper sensibility in regard to the honor and rights of his section, can fail to rebel with all the feelings of his nature against it. Well may our boasted pride and chivalry be turned in mockery and taunt against us, if we continue on unprotesting in a political community whose records and whose living laws proclaim our disgrace and infamy. Would the people of the North submit to such a degradation? Their ancestors, in the colonial infancy of New England, as it has been said, "went to war with Great Britain on a preamble," so sensitive were they to their rights and their honor. Suppose the Federal Legislature should pass a law stigmatizing their fishing trade, or any of their political or social institutions, or any of their branches of industry—their clamors would fill the land, and the heroic memories of Bunker Hill would be invoked in resistance to the insult. And are we of the South so lost to every sense and suggestion of honor, of patriotic pride, and of loyalty to our institutions, as that we will not unite our voices in sternly demanding that the statute book of our common country be purged of every offensive aspersion upon us?

It is suggested by some in opposition to these views that the generation of the Southern people living at the time these laws were passed, and who acquiesced in and favored their enactment, must be supposed not to have been wanting in a proper sense of honor, and a disposition to rebel against any degrading and unjust stigma upon their institutions. But we must remember that slavery was very differently regarded then from what it is now. *The Southern mind at that period admitted slavery to be an evil, and morally wrong, and only apologized for it.* Under such a conviction, it could not but sanction the laws prohibiting and enforcing the African slave trade. The example of the Southern people of that day in the premises cannot with any reason be appealed to as furnishing an argument with us, who believe it to be right in every respect, against the views we have advanced in these remarks.

We shall recur to this subject. We will conclude at present with the opinion that the reöpening of the African slave trade, or its continued prohibition, is a question which properly belongs to the several slaveholding States and should be remitted to their determination. It immediately concerns their interests and their industry as an important and vital ecconomical question. They are entirely competent to resolve it, and should insist upon having the exclusive control over it.

TOM CORWIN'S REPUBLICANISM.

[THOMAS CORWIN, formerly Whig member of Congress, and, more recently, of President Fillmore's Cabinet, and who was lately elected to Congress by the Republicans, made a speech at Xenia, Ohio, on the 15th of July, "with a view to settle his relations with the Republican party, and to define his position before his constituents." That our readers may see what passes for Republicanism in Ohio, we give an extract from the report of his address.]

IN relation to slavery, he had, during forty years, maintained the position occupied by the Republicans. The record of his whole life would prove it, and the record of his future life would show that he was with them earnestly upon anti-slavery principles.

Upon the subject of the power of Congress in relation to legislation for Territories, it was his fixed opinion that Congress had the right, and it is its duty, to prohibit slavery in them. But with those who contend that Congress had not power to pass laws for the recapture of fugitive slaves, he could not and did not agree. He agreed with the Republicans that slavery is very mischievous—more injurious to the white than the black man—and he could establish by historical proof that wherever slavery has found a place, the slave has suffered less than the master.

He had said, and would repeat the remark, that the Republican party was organized upon the single question of slavery; and when he had said that he belonged to no party, it was with the gratification expressed or implied that there were other great questions interesting to the people of the United States, upon which the Republican party had not been explicit, and it was to these questions he had addressed himself. It was his deliberate opinion that Congress has the power to make a proper and suitable law to recapture fugitive slaves as well as fugitives from justice, and he could not agree with those persons of extreme views who maintained it to be the duty of citizens conscientiously opposed to a law to resist its enforcement, and he believed that nineteen-twentieths of the Republican party of Ohio agree with him. Just before coming upon the stand a note had been slipped into his hand by some person unknown to him, which he would read, viz.:

THE HON. THOMAS CORWIN: In your speech here last fall you denounced as bad citizens those who would not and could not conscientiously aid in executing this Fugitive Slave law. Now, sir, I wish to know how any man who believes slaveholding to be immoral can aid in the execution of said law, unless he undertakes to fight both against God and his own conscience. Swearing to support the Constitution lays no one under any obligation to support or aid in executing said law, for you know, and every unprejudiced man knows, that it is unconstitutional in several of its features.

(Signed) A CITIZEN.

Mr. Corwin remarked upon the note at length—the substance of his sentiments being that he did not mean to denounce any man as a bad man who refused to obey the law, but that he regarded it the sacred duty of every citizen to obey the law when it should have been decided as such by the legislative and judicial departments of the country. He who would not could not be a good citizen. It was rather absurd, and the principle carried out that one man should presume to say a law is unconstitutional, and condemn all of his fellow-citizens as ignorant, especially where every Court in the United States had declared the law constitutional. This Fugitive Slave law, Judge McLean, an earnest anti-slavery man, had declared constitutional in so many words. Can any man say he is right, and all the world wrong? He would not countenance any man to do an act which his conscience would not justify. He would admire a man who would sacrifice himself for principle, because he would guarantee his honesty. Yet he would say the law must be obeyed; and if you do not like it, repeal. Suppose Brigham Young should come here with his forty-two women, and be arraigned, how would you regard it if he should set up the plea "My conscience and the word of God, as I read in the book of Mormon, tells me I am right"? He (Mr. Corwin) would have men obey the law; and if they disobeyed, he would bring their heads to the block, if the law required it. He disliked the Fugitive Slave law. It is a bad law, and an unjust law. He would not have voted for it if he had been in the Senate. But it is the law, and must be obeyed till the principle of obedience to laws is forgotten, and we are driven to anarchy and despotism. The Constitution recognizes this law. The right of recapture could be asserted under the Constitution if you had no law. The Courts of the United States have jurisdiction of the whole country, and a writ of error would take a case before it from your highest State tribunals, and the Supreme Court would inevitably decide in favor of the recapture upon evidence. If you would put the law aside in one case, you would in another, and what would be the result?

THE CONSEQUENCES.

From The Detroit Free Press—organ of Gen. Cass.

IN the course of some conversation which we recently chanced to hold with a gentleman of Louisville, Ky., wherein the *North Star* abduction case* was alluded to, he remarked that it seemed to him that if the people of Michigan could but know how the good name and the material interests of the State were affected by such transactions, and by such legislation as that at Lansing last winter, making it a penitentiary offence to bring a slave into the State, they would discountenance and seek to procure the punishment of the perpetrators of the one, and demand the speedy repeal of the other, and take good care that there should be no similar legislation in the future. He assured us of numerous instances, within his own knowledge, of citizens of Kentucky having avoided our railroad line because of this legislation, and he mentioned the names of three or four families of Louisville who would have sought the shores of Lake Superior as a resort during the present summer but for this same legislation. Not that these families would care to bring any of their negroes with them—though of course it would be convenient to be attended by their household servants—but that they regard this legislation as insulting and degrading to them, and as deserving of retaliatory measures on the part of every citizen of a Southern State. Our informant was of the impression that but for this legislation, and but for the frequent acts of hostility to the South in this State seeming to have the public countenance, the Lake Superior country would become the summer resort of thousands of Southern people.

This evidence of a Southern gentleman was not needed to convince us of the consequences of the scandalous legislation of last winter. We predicted these consequences upon the passage of the act. We repeat his assurances in the hope that they may convince those who stand in need of conviction, and in the anticipation that they will awaken a proper public sentiment on the whole subject. The truth is that Michigan is disgraced in the eyes of sensible people everywhere. If there be any greater disgrace awaiting her, it is the arrest and conviction of some person under the shameful law. This consummation we should probably have witnessed in the *North Star* case had not the steamer left before the necessary warrant could be obtained for the detention of the lady from whom the negro girl had been abducted. Had the steamer remained a half hour longer, the lady would have found herself in a bad plight indeed. And her only offence was that she was travelling along the borders of the State attended by two willing servants, greatly attached to her, both of whom protested against being torn from her. For this offence the penalty is ten years in the State prison.

We shall be surprised if this infamous law and proceedings under it do not provoke a spirit of retaliation in the South which will be visited upon citizens of this State travelling in that section. Nothing could be more natural than such event. Indeed, it seems to us inevitable. And who can rightly complain of it? Who can complain if the Legislature of Kentucky enact a law providing that if any Abolitionist or Black Republican of Michigan shall enter that State, he shall be guilty of an offence punishable by imprisonment? Certainly Abolitionists or Black Republicans could not complain. They have enacted a law which is no less offensive to Southern people than that would be to them.

For our own part, we should rather be glad than otherwise to see some proper retaliatory legislation in the Southern States. It would, more than anything else, bring the people of Michigan to a realizing sense of the shame which fanaticism has brought upon them. It would disclose to them some of the practical beauties of the Abolitionism which controls the Black Republican party of this State. It would make the people of this State hasten to set themselves right before the country. It would produce a political revolution which cannot come too soon.

Our courts in Wayne County are [illegible] under abolition influences. If there be any law by which the abductors of the girl from the *North Star* can be brought to trial, we trust such law will be faithfully administered by the proper court. Let the city of Detroit and the County of Wayne, at least, be known abroad as embracing a decent and a hospitable people, who are in no wise responsible for certain of the State legislation of the past few years, and who condemn it, and are ashamed of it.

*The *Free Press* alludes here to the late rescue of a female slave at Detroit from her mistress, who was passing through that city. The slave was taken by a collection of colored people—the pro-slavery papers say against her will—to Canada. The probability is, that in the confusion of the moment, not understanding what was going on, she was frightened; but that she is now grateful to those who rescued her from bondage, we see no reason to doubt.—*Ed. Standard.*

Selections.

MR. SEWARD IN ENGLAND.

From The (London) Daily News.

IT is probable that no man in London—or let us say no foreigner in London—is more deeply interested in the appointments of the new Ministry than Mr. Seward, at present so often met in society here. It is understood that Mr. Seward is to be the Free Soil candidate for the Presidentship of the United States, and probably the first anti-slavery President. This is sufficiently well known, we believe, to save him from the danger to which many American gentlemen are subject, of leaving this country without having obtained any clear idea of what our feelings are about those Powers which, in the face of the most solemn engagements, keep up the slave trade. Mr. Seward has afforded every possible evidence in his own country of his absolute and hearty condemnation of the institutions of the South, which are incompatible with the liberties of the Republic at large, and which threaten its existence. There is no occasion to consider his feelings, as in the case of an unknown man whom it would be inhospitable to remind of the faults of his country. He has shown that his patriotism consists in desiring and striving for the freedom, virtue, peace and happiness of his nation; and that, in pursuing those objects, he is as hearty an enemy of slavery and the slave trade as any man of any other country can be. Let him then hear what we think and feel. Let him have our sympathy in the objects to which he is pledged—whether as President or only as Senator; and, above all, let him have sound reason for hoping that our new Foreign Secretary will work cordially with an American President or Minister who will do his duty in regard to the African slave trade, and also hold to a strict account any official who tampers with the obligations to which the American government is sworn. Lord John Russell made an ineffaceable impression on the minds of all American citizens during the short term of his being Foreign Secretary in 1853, by his letter to Mr. Everett on the Monroe doctrine. If the statesman who wrote that letter should be in our Foreign office, with the same mind and spirit in him, when the first anti-slavery President goes to the White House, the history of the African slave trade would be brought to a speedy close. In the hope of some such beneficial conjunction of authority and of views, we feel that this is the time to say a few words as to the present aspect of the great question which must be decided, in some way or other, by the next election, whether the new President be Mr. Seward or another.

Not a few citizens in America, and nearly all men elsewhere, are dismayed and confounded at the reopening of the African slave trade at various points of the Southern States. There are lying before us now advertisements of the sale of gangs of newly-imported negroes, as well as the remarkable declaration of the Grand Jury in Captain Corrie's case at Savannah, alluded to by our own correspondent in the letter we published on the 21st ult. We have abundance of reports of the meetings of Southern Conventions, and other party assemblages, in which the members avow their purpose of imposing slave institutions by law on the whole Federal Republic—extending the Dred Scott decision over the entire Union, in defiance of the refusal of any number of the States. We see all this going on; but we do not, therefore, believe that the prospects of liberty for whites and blacks are less favorable than they were, but quite the contrary. The action of the slave States, in their present turbulence, is simply revolutionary; and the act of some of them, of reöpening the African slave trade, seems to be intended as a revolutionary manifesto. The election of 1860 will probably decide the fate of that traffic, and of the institution which occasions the traffic, as far as the American government is implicated in it.

These demonstrations are met by counter-demonstrations in the North, which the South denounces as revolutionary also—and with justice, if there is a real Federal government at Washington. The resistance to the Fugitive Slave law spreads and deepens. The Ohio story is a good sample of what is going on less conspicuously and on a smaller scale elsewhere—citizens of respectability and eminence fined and imprisoned for choosing to ascertain the legal rights of captured fugitives; and the captors lodged in jail, on the other hand, on the charge of kidnapping free citizens; the Federal and State Courts passing opposite decisions, and their respective officials battling vehemently on behalf of each: these are phenomena which show to all eyes that present arrangements cannot continue to exist. All rational men are aware that the inevitable change must involve the fundamental radical principles on which the Southern polity is grounded. The Churches present a spectacle analogous to that of the Law Courts; and so do the anniversary meetings of all the bodies—religious, philanthropic, political and commercial—by which the social interests of the nation are carried on. We have no space for remarks on the demonstrations of all these gatherings, though a few paragraphs would show that a revolutionary spirit has this year animated them all, though working in different directions. We can notice only one association; and we select it on account of the case with which Englishmen will apprehend its significance.

When the attempt was made to force the Stamp Act on the American colonies, and the "Stamp-master" who had obtained that appointment refused the request of several cities and towns to resign his office, it became a question how to concentrate public sentiment so as to obtain some effectual action. The association of "The Sons of Liberty" was formed in 1770; and under their guidance the first great revolution proceeded to its memorable issue. Their first act was to cut batons from the forest trees on the road by which the Stamp-master was to pass to the courts, and to inform him that they were the government, and not the King at Westminster. In Ohio, last month, the procedure was revived. A Representative, Hon. Joshua Giddings, whose repute is as high as that of any citizen in the Union, has proclaimed a new Association of "Sons of Liberty," in defence of the liberties and laws of the State, as against the intolerable new law and tyranny of the remote central authority. Mr. Buchanan and the Congress at Washington are to the people of Ohio what George III. and the Parliament at Westminster were to the people of New England in 1770. The constitution of the Society (which was immediately signed by a large number of the best known and most esteemed citizens) cannot be cited here; but its short closing paragraph will indicate the aim it proposes, and the pledge it involves as to rectifying the policy at Washington on the first occasion. "Appealing to the Supreme Judge of the world for the rectitude of our intentions, we declare that 'no person shall be deprived of life, liberty or property without due process of law,' when we have power to prevent it." It may seem safe to take a stand on so plain a constitutional provision, declared in the very terms of the Constitution, and sustained by the laws of Ohio; but, as Mr. Buchanan's government and the whole polity of the South enforces an opposite principle and method, "the Sons of Libery" are revolutionary now as their predecessors were, no more and no less. Mr. Seward comes among us when both sections of his countrymen are not only preparing for revolution, but actually engaged in it; and he may be the man whom his fellow-citizens will choose to be the exponent of the principle which Europe believes will triumph. Let him see that we have a faith and hope on the subject.

SEIZURE OF A SUSPECTED SLAVER AT NEW BEDFORD.

From the New Bedford Standard, July 21.

THE ship Atlantic, which has been fitting up at this port since her arrival here on the 30th of June, for a pretended whaling voyage, but which has been suspected of not being exactly in that line of business, was this morning taken in charge by United States officers, upon information lodged in the United States District Court in Boston, by parties residing in New York. The process was placed in the hands of Deputy Marshal Freeman, Jr, who has the matter in charge.

The Atlantic, which has been in the stream for several days, finishing loading and taking in water, cleared yesterday afternoon, and was to proceed to sea this morning, having waited as it has been said for some passengers who were bound to Fayal, where the ship was to touch. Her officers and crew were all on board. But this morning an officer was placed on board from the United States Revenue Cutter Campbell, which came round from Newport, she having been in this vicinity for several days.

The Atlantic is a ship of 699 tons, was built in 1836, and is owned by her commander, Captain Francis J. Silva, a Portuguese, but a naturalized citizen of the United States, having purchased her of Captain J. S. C. Maniel, master and owner of the ship Comoro, brought to this port from Boston, and now fitting for a whaling voyage. The Atlantic was formerly a whaler from New London, and has lately been engaged in the merchant service out of New York. Captain Silva was formerly master of ship Gov. Troup of this port.

We understand that parties have been on the lookout for the past ten days, and in constant communication with the authorities elsewhere, and that the seizure is made not wholly on account of the manner of outfit, &c., but upon circumstances not known to the public.

The ship is of a larger burthen than vessels generally employed in the whaling service, and cleared with twenty-three men, while she was supplied with seven whale boats—the deficiency in men, however, could be supplied at the Western Islands. She has no first officer, which might be also supplied in the same way. The second officer, we are told, was shipped with the understanding that he was to be the third, when at sea. There are but three try-pots on board, and one of these is cracked.

She is not coppered in the usual manndr of whalers, being coppered on the skin; whereas they are coppered on a sheeting, and besides she is only coppered low down, and as she now lies the metal is two feet under water. This also may have been done as a matter of economy.

The lower hold is said to be stowed with casks full of fresh water, whereas whalers generally fill casks in the lower hold with salt water.

The Atlantic has on board 1,100 bushels of corn to be disposed of at Fayal and provisions shipped by Portuguese to their friends residing at the Islands, and a very large mail for whalers expected to touch at the Islands. She had nineteen Portuguese passengers engaged.

Our reporter has just returned from a visit to the ship and the cutter, which now lie in the stream. He gleaned the following additional intelligence: Information concerning both the Atlantic and Comoro has been in possession of Marshal Rynders, of the Southern District of New York. He was informed that the sum of $20,000 had been sent from a house in Havana to the house of Amedes, Ambreges & Co., of Pearl street, New York, for the purchase of two ships for the slave trade.

Marshal Rynders dispatched Deputy Marshal Lorenzo De Angelis, who discovered the purchase of the ships Atlantic and Comoro, and has been watching their outfit. Amedes has been in New Bedford, it is presumed, as he was on board the Fall River boat on Saturday night. Mr. De Angelis joined the cutter Campbell on Tuesday, and set sail to intercept the vessels.

Had the cutter been fully manned, she was to have taken the Atlantic, and then lay off for the Comoro, but as it was, they were obliged to take the Atlantic this morning, and Lieutenant R. H. Travers was put in charge of her.

The Atlantic will have to be discharged in order to search her, and this will be done at once.

From The New Bedford Mercury, July 22.

WE learn no further developments relating to the seizure of the ship Atlantic at this port. Among other rumors afloat, is one that the house of Amedes, Ambreges & Co. of New York had received from Havana the sum of $20 000 for the purchase of two ships for the slave-trade, and in this connection it is intimated that this sum has been applied in the purchase of the Atlantic and Comoro. The Comoro alone has been fitted through the agent of one of the most respectable mercantile houses in this city, at an expense of nearly double the sum above stated, and her captain and owner, by advertisement in our columns, invites the closest scrutiny of the Government authorities as to the character of the vessel and the purpose of her proposed voyage.

The Atlantic is said to have been seized upon information lodged in the United States District Court, at Boston, by parties in New York, and the case will be legally investigated. In the meantime the vessel remains in charge of the Massachusetts United States Deputy Marshal Freeman, Jr., and will be discharged in order for search. Well-informed merchants, with whom we have conversed, assure us that, upon the presumption that she is intended for a whaling and trading voyage, there is apparently nothing to excite special remark in the manner in which she has been fitted for sea, and being under the immediate direction of her master and owner, the avowed objects of her voyage appear to have been judiciously planned.

As the Atlantic was coming up the harbor in charge of the United States Deputy Marshal, one of her crew jumped overboard, and was picked up by the revenue cutter, and delivered into the custody of a police officer, who took him ashore and confined him in the Central Station House. He was handcuffed, but not securely placed under lock and key, and during the temporary absence of the officer he ingeniously effected his escape, and returned to the ship. He is a Canadian by birth, and was intoxicated at the time he jumped overboard.

DR. CHEEVER AND HIS PERSECUTORS.

From The Clerkenwell (Eng.) News, July 2.

AT a recent meeting of the London Emancipation Committee attention was directed to the case of the Rev. George B. Cheever, D.D., the Pastor of the Congregational Church of the Puritans in the City of New York, when it was agreed to make public the following statement, with a view to the enlightenment of the British community upon the subject. We give insertion to the document in the hope that it may excite interest and awaken sympathy in the minds of our readers. It will be seen that the claims of Dr. Cheever and his Church are to be presented at a meeting for the celebration of the Twenty-fifth Anniversary of the Abolition of Colonial Slavery, to be held on the 1st of August; and we believe the duty will be undertaken by Mr. George Thompson, supported by one or more of our metropolitan ministers. Dr. Cheever belongs to the Congregational denomination, which is in profession, and up to 1834 was most consistently in practice, anti-slavery. The reverend gentleman will, it is expected, visit this country, when his denomination here will be put to the test, whether it will disfellowship these American "brethren" by extending a hearty sympathy to their victim, or whether it will give countenance to the recent revival of the slave trade in the United States, with all the blasphemies uttered at the meetings for its support—a revival which has its origin in these pro-slavery Churches—by turning a cold shoulder to the faithful Pastor of the Church of the Puritans.

"In 1850, soon after the passing of the Fugitive Slave bill by the United States Congress, Dr. Cheever, the Pastor of the Church of the Puritans in New York, delivered a discourse from his own pulpit, denouncing in eloquent and impressive terms that iniquitous law. The discourse caused much dissatisfaction amongst the members of his Church and congregation. Nothing daunted, however, Dr. Cheever continued, as occasion seemed to require, to bear his testimony against various aggressive movements on the part of the Southern States and their representatives in the Legislature, with a view to the domination of the Slave Power over the whole country. On the day appointed for public thanksgiving, he delivered, with peculiar earnestness and solemnity, an appropriate discourse against the unspeakable wickedness of slavery, and the judgment it was likely to bring upon the nation that practised or permitted it. Great disaffection manifested itself as the result of this act of fearlessness and fidelity. In 1850 a prominent member of the Church demanded of Dr. Cheever why he had dared to deliver opinions contrary to those of Daniel Webster,* and on this occasion the same individual marked his displeasure by leaving his pew, and quitting the church while the discourse was proceeding. From this time measures were taken by the offended parties to displace the uncompromising and faithful pastor. Failing in their efforts, about twenty of them, with their families, withdrew from the ministrations of the man who had so nobly borne his testimony against the crying sin of their country. Dr. Cheever had not merely to contend with disaffection within his own Church, but with opposition from without. As a matter of course, he brought upon himself the malignant vituperation of all immediately interested in the support of slavery in its secular relations. He was denounced by the newspaper press in that interest, and held up to odium as an impious fanatic and an enemy of his country. He had counted the cost, and was not to be moved. A greater trial than the indignation and opposition of the avowed defenders or apologists of slavery yet remained to be sustained by Dr. Cheever. He had to meet the frown and censure, desertion and reproaches, even the condemnation and reprobation of men calling themselves the ministers of Christ, many of them belonging to his own denomination. In the midst of declension, abandonment and persecution, Dr. Cheever has remained firm; and thus far his enemies have not been able to prevail against him. There have been secessions from his Church, and those from amongst the richest and most influential of its members; but he is still surrounded by a united, attached and affectionate people, who honor him for those qualities which have excited the hostility of a pro-slavery community.

"It may be necessary to state that Dr. Cheever's opponents in connection with the Church of the Puritans, though most of them have retired from his pastoral care and pulpit ministration, have, nevertheless, the power of interference in the financial affairs of the Church, in virtue of their rights as pewholders and officers for the management of its secular affairs. This power places the property of the Church in danger of alienation, and the consequent exclusion of Dr. Cheever from the building. By great efforts the catastrophe has been averted, but pecuniary aid is greatly needed to enable Dr. Cheever's anti-slavery supporters to stand their ground, and to face the heavy burden they will be called to bear when they are eventually responsible for the entire charges involved in the maintenance of the Church, one item of which is an annual ground-rent of fifteen hundred dollars, or upwards of £300 sterling.

"The anti-slavery members of the Church of the Puritans, placed in the circumstances already described—occupying a position between the malignant hatred of the world on the one side, and the coldness, indifference, or active persecution of the pro-slavery Churches on the other—have preferred an appeal for the sympathy and pecuniary aid of the Churches of Great Britain, and of all the country capable of appreciating the importance to the general anti-slavery cause of enabling them to maintain unshaken their solitary but influential testimony against the horrible system which enslaves four millions; which has corrupted the moral and religious sentiment of the entire community, and is the chief support of slavery and the slave trade throughout all other parts of the world.

"It is not improbable that Dr. Cheever will himself pay a visit to this country to enforce this appeal; and, should he do so, will no doubt produce a powerful effect, and be eminently successful in rekindling that feeling of hostility to slavery, founded chiefly upon the highest religious principles, which overthrew our own colonial slavery a quarter of a century ago. In the meanwhile, the London Emancipation Committee would bespeak for the case of Dr. Cheever and his Church the prompt and earnest attention of ministers of religion and Christian Churches throughout this country; and would further give notice, that at a public meeting in the metropolis on the 1st of August ensuing, for the celebration of negro emancipation, it is the intention of the Committee to present the claims of the Pastor of the Church of the Puritans to public sympathy and support.

(Signed) "GEORGE THOMPSON, Chairman.
"F. W. CHESSON, Hon. Sec."

*The distinguished constitutional lawyer of Boston, Mass., and Secretary of State for the United States during the administration of President Fillmore, and the advocate of the Fugitive Slave law.—*Ed. C. N.*

THE GRAND JUBILEE AT OBERLIN.

PAINESVILLE, Monday evening, July 11, 1859.

To the Editor of The Ashtabula Sentinel.

YOU and your sterling anti-slavery readers will, I presume, be glad to hear a word of the Grand Jubilee at Oberlin to-day. Bushnell, the last of the imprisoned rescuers, came from jail this morning, and, accompanied with a large number of friends, led by Heker's superb Band, with a great display of banners and much shouting, was taken in triumph to the depôt. Here great numbers of sympathizers had gathered from Cuyahoga, Lake and Ashtabula—regions long famous for their anti-slavery "fanaticism"—and a heavy train was soon upon the track and in motion for Oberlin, where the train was received by artillery, and the hearty shoutings of the population of the region about, who surrounded the little railroad station some five thousand strong. It was indeed a joyous sight to witness the young man's welcome as he stepped from the cars, and was once more among his friends and neighbors. Bushnell, and his companions in imprisonment, who had left the jail a few days previously, were soon placed on a grand triumphal car, and, led by the Fire Department and the artillery, and followed by the people in grand procession, made the circuit of the little town. Along the line were placed five bands of music from Cleveland, Elyria, Wellington and Oberlin; white banners, wrought with shrewd devices, were without number. Not the poorest hit in this department was the painting of a horn with an immense opening, but with a *very little end,* out of which were crowding Uncle Samuel's officials.

At one o'clock the immense "Brick Church" of Oberlin, which will seat three thousand people, was packed to the utmost. Here we had speeches by Giddings, Spalding, Carter, Riddle, Fairchild, Plumb, Peck, Langston and Grannis, and such music, both instrumental and vocal, as one seldom hears. The grand Marseillaise was rendered by the Oberlin choir, three hundred strong, both solo and chorus, as one rarely hears music this side the gates of Paradise. Prof. Monroe presided, and in his own most admirable manner. If I had time, or your limits would permit, I would like to make more particular mention of the highly interesting doings at the church; of the presentation of canes, silk dresses, silver spoons, etc., etc., to the sheriff, the jailor, their wives and other attendants at the prison, presented by citizens of Oberlin to these good people for their kindness to the prisoners; of the very happy speech of presentation by Prof. Fairchild, of the township; eloquent speech of Prof. Peck; and of the short and telling speech of the Hon. D. K. Carter; but I can simply say of the entire proceedings, it was all complete in arrangement and most triumphantly carried out. It has been a proud day for Oberlin—aye, and a proud day for the great cause of Freedom. Oberlin, long hated and hissed at by all that is tyrannical, base and wicked, is now triumphant over her proudest foes! Oberlin principles, Oberlin ideas, are now the accepted and triumphant notions of the times—the doctrines of the leading influences of the country. Who that loves humanity and hates oppression, in view of the events of the last ten months, does not feel like shouting, "God be thanked for Oberlin! for Oberlin principles and Oberlin MEN!" Oberlin has trampled the Fugitive Slave law into the dust of the street! She has fought the fight, and won the victory! and won it for the whole country. All honor, then, to Oberlin!

"Though hearts brood o'er the past, our eyes
With smiling futures glisten!
For, lo! *our day bursts up the skies:*
Lean out your souls and listen!
The world rolls Freedom's radiant way
And ripens with her sorrow;
Keep heart! who bears the cross to-day
Shall wear the crown to-morrow!"

So sang the poet, and so may sing the friends of freedom in Ohio to-day. JOHN R. FRENCH.

A SLAVE KILLS HIS PURCHASER.

From The St. Joseph (Mo.) West.

ABOUT dusk, evening before last, two young men, who work for Thos. Hubbard, residing about 4 1-2 miles from city, on the Rochester road, were sitting on the fence near the house, when one remarked that he heard a gun go off, and very soon afterwards a pair of horses harnessed to a buggy came walking along slowly, coming west. They started to catch them; and as they neared the buggy, they discovered in the bottom of it what they supposed to be a drunken man, but who upon closer inspection, proved to be F. M. Wright in a dying condition. He was not quite dead, though barely gasping as they took him out of the buggy into the house, where in a few minutes more he breathed his last. Instantly one of the young men mounted a horse and came to this city for the coroner, who ascertained the cause of the death to be from a pistol ball penetrating the skull about one inch above the ear, and ranging forward. He also ascertained that, about a half an hour before, Drs. Knode and Chambers of St. Joseph had passed the buggy near Cox's Mill, some three miles further on the road, and when they passed it, Mr. Wright and a stout negro man were in it, Wright sitting on the left side, with his coat off, the negro on the right side, driving. A young Mr. Castle and others saw them about the same time. At the mill, Wright and the negro stopped, and Wright asked the negro if he would have a drink of water. The negro said "no" very insolently, and seemed to be in bad humor.

The trace of blood was discovered for one hundred and sixty yards from the house, and a few yards still farther back the sock and boot of one foot were found in the road. In the buggy were a bundle of bedclothes belonging to the negro. Upon the murdered man's person there were no papers to show from whom the negro was purchased, but it is known here that Mr. Wright had left

DEFECTIVE ORIGINAL COPY

this city the day before to look at some negroes with a view to buying.

The only paper discovered was a letter from A. Beattie & Co. of this city, addressed to a firm in Gentryville. Mr. Wright was in the habit of carrying his revolver in his coat pocket, and it is presumed that, when his coat was off the negro, while carrying it, stole the weapon from the pocket, and secreted it about his own person in order to perpetrate the fiendish purpose at a more favorable time. Upon the body of the deceased was found the sum of $1,848.60, but no weapons, and no papers except the letter above alluded to. From examination it appears that Mr. W. was affected with tetter upon his foot, and a reasonable supposition is that he took his boot and sock off to give it some attention, and while so engaged was shot down by the assassin at his side.

Judge W. M. Carter, of this city, took charge of the money found upon the body, and started yesterday morning for St. Louis after Mr. W.'s family, which consists of a wife and several children. A reward of $500 has been offered for the apprehension of the murderer, and we hope soon to hear of his arrest.

THREE FUGITIVE SLAVES KIDNAPPED.

From The Chicago Press, July 21.

When our paper went to press on Tuesday evening, we referred, in a brief article, to an excitement prevailing among our colored citizens relative to a rumored recent rendition of three fugitive slaves, from the State of Missouri, into the custody of their masters. It was first promulgated on Tuesday evening among the colored residents, accompanied by the exciting hint that a young colored man named William Turner, a resident of this city, had been the tool and decoy of the captors, and the cause of their return to servitude.

Turner was immediately advised of his danger by some of his personal friends. He had been drinking at a saloon on South Clark street, and was in a most pot-valiant mood, which, fortunately for himself, however, did not hold out against the solicitations of his friends, one of them a colored man named Perkins, who finally persuaded him that the lock-up would be his safest lodging for the night, and accordingly, as we stated in our last issue, Turner was put into the cells by the City Marshal for the safe keeping which came none too soon for him.

The colored men, disappointed in not finding Turner, seized upon Perkins, whose interference baulked them of their revenge, and he was roughly handled, though not as severely as was rumored yesterday, for it was among the rumors of the street that he had been taken to the lake shore, where he received three hundred lashes. It is said that both Perkins and Turner have deserved the suspicions of their brethren by a twinship in treachery to their color.

Among the later events of that evening and yesterday morning were the startling developments that the white kidnappers in whose pay Turner had been were ex-city detectives from this city, in whom the prehensile trait had gained such excess of development that they had turned from common criminal cases to a general willingness to catch anything and everything for pay.

These men are Charles Noyes, formerly in the city employ, and later of the late firm of C. P. Bradley & Co., and Charles W. Smith, a detective under the Wentworth and, we think, a former administration. They were aided by this colored man Turner, and a white boy, acting in the capacity of a biped terrier, named Charles Oertman, belonging, it is said, in St. Louis, and known as "Sandy."

It would appear that, some three weeks since, three articles of personal property belonging to Capt. Frost of St. Louis committed a larceny, each of himself, his body, and transferred that article, belonging to Capt. Frost, to this city; in short, ran away, under their ignorant interpretation of that "glittering generality" that "all men are created free."

They came to this city. Their names were Washington Anderson, James Anderson, his brother, and Henry Scott, their cousin. The latter has a brother in this city, and the three fugitives settled down here to reside. A reward of $2,500 was offered by Capt. Frost for the recovery of his property, his lively chattels. The reward was tempting, and met and conquered the eyes and scruples of the detectives, and they, having ascertained the whereabouts of the runaways, laid their plans.

Turner was then in the employ of Charles Noyes, and took care of his rooms, and the boy Oertman, who knew the fugitives by sight, was sent up from St. Louis. Through Turner, Noyes and Smith found access to the Andersons and Scott, and began their overtures. Sagacious detectives both, their plans were skilfully laid. Noyes was about to retire from city life; he was going to the country; he was in love with the fields, had bought a farm in the western part of the State, and these "boys" were just the men to whom he would intrust its culture. He was liberal in his offers of wages, and Smith was eloquent in expatiating on the charms of the life they would enjoy with Mr. Noyes.

To make the thing work more smoothly (and there is a skill in this that leads us to admire Mr. Noyes), the colored men were taken the rounds of our agricultural stores. They were flattered in being consulted freely upon tools, seeds, &c.; each was allowed to select his own implements, and they went in with a will and adjusted to their taste and their brawny arms, forgetting they were the property of Capt. Frost, sundry hoes, and rakes, and axes, and scythes, and grew vastly delighted at the confidence imposed in them by their generous employer. We would not have given much for the safety of these later followers of the Apostles to the Gentiles could these modern *Onesimi*, while with scythe and axe in hand, have suddenly read the beneficent intentions of Messrs. Noyes and Smith. But the plan was too well conceived, and, laden with farm implements and garden seeds, with the sweet pastorals of Charley Smith still ringing in their ears, the three colored men followed Noyes to his room, where Turner made them happy with congratulations and merry with a feast, in fact quite transporting them, the while Smith and Noyes were busy at a transportation which should prove much more substantial in its realized effect.

An entire second-class car was chartered on the Illinois Central Railroad through to St. Louis for $150. The purchases were made on Friday of last week, and that night the kidnappers took their victims on board the cars and went southward to complete their contract with Capt. Frost. So well had the thing been executed that but for the tell-tale telegraph nothing would have interfered; as it was, it came too late for the deceived fugitives.

A private despatch was received here on Monday last, that three fugitive slaves from Chicago had been landed on Bloody Island, opposite St. Louis. The intelligence caused inquiry to be instituted, and the friends here of these fugitives, who had missed them, flashed into excitement.

A woman of color, a passenger over the St. Louis and Chicago road yesterday, puts the finish to the story by the statement that the men, Andersons and Scott, who were well known to her, were so landed on Bloody Island on Monday, and that they were that night cruelly whipped. We suppose that Noyes and Smith would not have hesitated to officiate with the "cat" themselves, and throw in the "flogging of the niggers" for Capt. Frost as a bonus.

On Tuesday, Noyes and Smith returned to this city, and almost immediately the former was in the street offering for sale a draft on St. Louis for $2,350, the price of blood, of course. It was offered to Messrs. Forrest, bankers, who, however, did not want St. Louis exchange. At the counter of Messrs. Marford, however, Noyes obtained his money, thus putting on record with them what some of our detectives as sharp as Noyes, but just then on another lead, not long thereafter had spotted and made into "evidence."

The excitement in our community yesterday morning was intense. At an early hour the negro, Turner, had been discharged from voluntary incarceration, and not long thereafter it was evident that indignation had grown over night. Such were some of the demonstrations threatened that, yesterday forenoon, about the same time that warrants were sworn out against Noyes, Smith, Turner and the boy Oertman, the colored man was taken into custody by Deputy-Sheriff Anderson, and, as a precautionary measure for himself, locked up, though almost immediately detained to answer the ends of justice.

Smith and Oertman were also arrested, while Noyes, who had been seen about town, and indeed had conversed with some of the leading citizens as late as 10 a. m., was unfortunately and shamefully allowed to elude capture, carrying with him the $2,300. We believe officers are on his track, however, that that entire sum will not buy off from taking him if possible. The parties arrested were brought before Judge Milliken yesterday morning, and re-committed for examination yesterday afternoon at 4 o'clock.

At that hour there was a large attendance of citizens, both colored and white, many of the latter indeed hanging about the Court-House throughout the day. The police court-room in the third story was fully packed at the hour named, and the most intense feeling manifested when the negro Turner was brought in. There is no question what would have been the result had his case been brought for the change of venue they covet, before the people of his own color, especially the brother of the betrayed Scott, who, without paying the least regard to the Constitution of the United States and the laws of property, manifested, not loudly but deeply, emotions not very becoming in chattels or those subject to become such.

District-Attorney Haven, assisted by John C. Miller, Esq., appeared for the people; the prisoners were not represented by counsel, nor did they express their desire for any, Smith managing his own case. Mr. Haven reminded his honor, Justice Milliken, that by the statute, if convicted, the defendants were subject to a penalty of imprisonment in the penitentiary for from one to seven years in each case of a person kidnapped, and that as three men had been, as was alleged, kidnapped by these men, aided by another still at large, he should, in view of the importance of the case, ask a continuance, and in the meantime that heavy bail might be fixed in each case.

After some discussion, Smith waived an examination, and subsequently gave bail in $3,000 to appear at the August term of the Recorder's Court. The others, Turner and the boy Oertman, were committed in default of $1,000 bail each.

The most active exertions are being made by detectives Pinkerton, Bradley, and other officers, with what we believe and trust is a full intent and desire to capture the fugitive Noyes, for whose capture, if necessary, a much larger reward could be offered than the paltry sum that made him a negro-hunter. This affair has justly made a most profound sensation here, perhaps more so than any like event for ten years past, and yet there appears to be no desire other than that the law should take its course.

These men and their companion, if taken, should suffer the law's extremest penalty, if convicted. There was a rumor of a large gathering of colored citizens last evening on the corner of Buffalo and Jackson streets; there was an assembly of perhaps an hundred and fifty at the Methodist Chapel there situated, but it was a quiet and orderly gathering, with closed doors to the general public, and, we learn, characterized by a moderation and tone of sentiment expressed not at all at variance with the character borne by our colored residents as quiet, peace-loving men, despite their no small present provocation.

Later.—We learn that about 10 o'clock last evening another party implicated in the kidnapping was arrested. The person is ex-policeman Dewey, formerly in the employ of the railroad companies at the Illinois Central Dépôt, who has just returned to this city from a trip to Pike's Peak. It is charged that he was one of the assistants of Noyes and Smith in the car that conveyed the party to St. Louis.

From The Chicago Journal, 21st.

The statement in *The Press and Tribune* respecting the arrest of Dewey, said to be implicated, is premature. The person is ex-policeman Austin C. Dewey, formerly in the employ of the railroad companies at the Illinois Central Dépôt who has just returned to this city from a trip to Pike's Peak. It is charged that he was one of the companions of Noyes and Smith in the car that conveyed the party to St. Louis.

The kidnapping is a serious offence under the laws of Illinois. The statute on the subject is as follows:

"Every person who shall forcibly steal, take or arrest any man, woman or child, whether white, black or colored, in this State, and carry him or her to another country, State or Territory, or who shall forcibly take or arrest any person or persons whatsoever, with a design to take such persons out of the State, without having established a claim according to the laws of the United States, shall, upon conviction, be guilty of kidnapping." (Revised Statutes, Div. 5, Secs. 56 and 57, page 159).

The penalty adjudged adequate to this crime is confinement in the State Penitentiary for a term not less than one year and not more than seven years.

From The Chicago Journal, July 22.

The subject still absorbs the public attention and is the constant source of discussion. Noyes has not yet been arrested. By many it is believed that he remains in the city, and will slide off stealthily to the South. The Democracy are offering bets that he cannot be brought thence on such a charge. But there are other charges against Mr. Noyes which may be preferred against him a few days hence, that are recognized as crimes, North and South, and upon which he can be brought back.

But the Democratic lawyers insist that Noyes, Smith, Oertman & Co. cannot be convicted under the statute, as that provides only for the punishment of those running off colored persons who are not slaves, and that the abducted negroes being "chattels," there is no crime in taking them back to servitude.

The following is a copy of the handbill offering the reward for the kidnapped negroes:

$1,500 Reward.—Runaway from the subscriber in St. Louis County, on Saturday night, the 4th inst., a negro man named Washington, 21 years of age, 5 feet 9 or 10 inches high, mulatto color, rather light, square and stout built, pleasant face, talks a good deal, and when questioned on any subject answers readily, and uses the expression, "If I am not mistaken"; had on a black or dark brown cloth coat, with velvet collar, or perhaps his working clothes of gray, heavy wool.

Also, his brother "Jim," about 18 years old; looks very much like Washington, but is lighter in weight, and thinner; probably had on a black frock coat, somewhat worn, or working clothes of gray wool.

With the above two also ran away a black boy, "Ned," belonging to Mr. Music of this county. Ned is quite dark, a little shorter than Washington, and can be readily recognized by his long head, almost a deformity, his forehead being very round and prominent.

I will pay $1,000 for Washington and $500 for Jim, wherever they may be taken and deposited so that I can get them, and the owner of Ned will, doubtless, pay a suitable reward for him.

June 9, 1859. D. M. FROST.

National Anti-Slavery Standard.

WITHOUT CONCEALMENT—WITHOUT COMPROMISE.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JULY 30, 1859.

Correspondents will greatly oblige us by a careful observance of the following directions, viz.:

Letters enclosing matter for publication, or relating in any way to the editorial conduct of the paper, should be addressed "*Editor of the Anti-Slavery Standard, No. 5 Beekman street, New York.*"

Letters enclosing subscriptions, or relating in any way to the business of the office, should be addressed, "*Publisher of the Anti-Slavery Standard, No. 5 Beekman street, New York.*"

*** For particulars relating to the Celebration of the Anniversary of West India Emancipation at Abington, Mass., to-day (Saturday), and also of that to be held at Milford on Monday, see "Special Notices."

LETTER FROM WENDELL PHILLIPS.

We not unwillingly postpone the article intended for this place, in order to give an early and conspicuous insertion to the following letter upon an important and somewhat delicate subject, from one whose counsel, in every emergency of the cause, is sure to cast a clear light upon the path of duty and of progress.

To the Editor of The National Anti-Slavery Standard.

Dear Sir: I have waited, and regret that I have waited in vain, for some editorial correction of the mistakes, and some protest against what I think the injudicious advice, of your foreign correspondent, Mrs. Martineau, in regard to certain members of the American Anti-Slavery Society.*

No one appreciates more heartily than I do Mrs. Martineau's generous and most efficient service of our cause for many years. No one remembers more gratefully how nobly she stood by it in its dark hours. No one values more highly her judgment in a case where she knows all the facts. But, living on the other side of the ocean, she cannot know our cause, its difficulties and obstacles, and the best method of guiding our ship, as we, on the spot, familiar with the details of a twenty years' struggle, are able, or ought to be able, to do. Her criticism of its general aspects, and the light which her ample knowledge and searching analysis of European affairs has thrown upon our path, no one values more than I do. But her residence abroad unfits her to give advice on local topics, all whose details and bearings she cannot know. In using your columns to correct what I think her mistakes, and protest against her advice, let me not be mixed up with another of your correspondents, Mr. Howland, the temper of whose letter, as well as its gross misstatements and captious charges, meet my grave disapprobation.

Mrs. Martineau *seems* (for I can hardly put my hand on any exact words) to suppose that there exists a radical difference of opinion among us in regard to the Republican party and certain leading men of like position; and she advises one side "to defer to the sense of the proved leaders of the cause." I do not know of any radical difference of opinion on those points. If any such exists, I must class myself with the small clique whom she advises to withdraw; for I give my full and hearty support to the resolutions offered by Mr. Pillsbury at New York;† only I should add *The Tribune* to the list, and strike out one word, "enemies," substituting therefor "hindrances" or "obstacles"; a change to which, I understand, neither Mr. Pillsbury nor Mrs. Foster objects. I cannot call *The Tribune* or Ward Beecher an "enemy" of the Anti-Slavery cause, for I think they wish it well, not ill. But their mistakes make them, with all their good wishes, serious obstacles. So long as they remain in fellowship with a vile State and a viler Church, they are, surely, obstacles to real, efficient anti-slavery progress. By *intention*, friends of the slave, and doing much to rouse and instruct the public; by *position* and unavoidable influence, formidable obstacles to real work. Tacitus told us, centuries ago, to fear the faults of good men far more than those of the bad; and, precisely as Mr. Pillsbury's resolution affirms, and as I said at the same meeting, the anti-slavery professions and services of the bodies and persons referred to win, while their grave mistakes mislead, the public mind, waste precious opportunities, defeat our efforts and confuse public opinion.

The persons, presses and bodies referred to have a wide and deep influence. They are educating the North, and they mislead it. It is fair to say that one-half of them do not speak what they really think, and the other half does not apply its moral sense to the subject of slavery. Yet the community follows them as anti-slavery guides, and limits its faith to their *avowed* creed.

To prove slavery a sin—to prove all support of it, in Church or State, a sin—to make the community see it a sin of so grave and momentous a character as to justify secession from the Church without the charge of schism, and resistance to the State without the guilt of faction—this is the work of the American Anti Slavery Society. This is the only road to the abolition of slavery.

Now, these bodies affirm slavery to be a sin, and yet support it, and claim that they rightfully may. They take for a text, "Execute justice between man and man," and then preach that you may work iniquity a little longer, and for a good purpose. They allow that right is right, no matter what the consequences; and then argue, and practise, that the end justifies the means. They have yet to make their first protest, *in action*, against the primal sin of these States—that is, playing with Right and Wrong, and compromising one's convictions for one's interests. They have moulded and are moulding the spirit of this people, and what is it? To speak what his inmost soul thinks, and square his life by it, is a folly the American merchant never commits—a luxury the American politician never allows himself, except, like the Jew of the middle ages, in his most secret chamber—a duty the American priest thinks that he cannot afford to practise.

This is true of the persons and bodies mentioned in those resolutions, as well as of the Democrats and the Deweys—of all, indeed, but slaveholders. Yet these men affect to be and are considered good, practical, efficient anti-slavery guides.

Now, how shall we teach the people ethics, except by taking its idols to pieces, and analyzing the sermons of its priests and the talk of its politicians? By telling the people *at once* what all politicians say when over seventy years old and hopeless of office; what President Wayland blurts out when blazing Kansas startles him out of that "despicable virtue," prudence; what Cheever will learn when the Church, that hates and fears him, has kicked out its too confiding son, who *will* shut his eyes to facts and believe that which ought to be is; what two out of every three decent men say to each other in chimney corners, and then abuse their neighbors for proclaiming, telling them what Seward knows to-day, but cannot run the risk of yet confessing; and thus prepare a public which will make it possible for half-way virtue to afford to join us and swell the tide (made up of a hundred motives, a score of opinions, and one heart) before which the Bastile shall fall.

Mrs. Martineau makes a distinction, I see, between the Church and parties. But in a country where all vote, ethics are taught and learned at the polls as really as from the pulpit; and whoever seeks to mould public opinion must watch both.

Now, shall we change our plan—tell of the slaves' sufferings, number up lashes and read the statutes of starvation? We may proudly claim that if this work had not been so thoroughly done years ago, did not our people hate slavery for a better reason than lashes and legal starvation, Uncle Tom had never been a success.

Shall we talk of broken Constitutions? The answer will be, "All true, though something of a bore, but let the lawyers settle that." Witness Kansas, the shuttlecock of party.

Shall we lose ourselves in statistics, and prove the waste and ruin of slave labor? We are addressing the full grown Yankee, to whom that is A, B, C; but he "guesses he can snatch a fortune while the system lasts, and let them care who come behind."

Shall we exert ourselves to make people believe Buchanan a weathercock and Douglas a huckster? No need of more owls at Athens, or more coals at Newcastle.

Shall we weary an audience with Cuba and the slave trade? Why, even Drs. Adams and Dewey—a Democratic caucus if far enough North—*The Tribune*—even the Boston *Courier* (if election day is not too near) will do that work. Having become men, let us put away childish things.

Shall we say slavery is a sin, and quote Channing on the dignity of human nature? The hearer will say, "True, but *The Tribune* or *The Era* will allow that, and yet show us a royal road to duty, with no thorns in it, and no sacrifices to make."

And this brings us to the close argument, to mutual criticism, out of which grow fresh, vital purpose, earnest virtue, and intelligent, consistent, efficient action.

Does any one ask how, if these half-and-half friends are so dangerous, we can speak of them as cheering signs of the times? I answer: their existence is encouraging, because it shows that sagacious men believe hatred to slavery to be a power in the State, and hasten to make friends with it and use it. When his ante-chamber is full of suitors, the courtier knows his star is in the ascendant. Some of these bodies are really the wind, and we are glad it blows; some are only weathercocks, to show how it blows; both classes give us cheer.

Whence the danger? Thus: Each one of these bodies still loves something else better than the slave. Beecher and *The Independent* may truly say, "Not that we love the slave less, but that we love the Orthodox Church more." *The Tribune* loves the slave well, but loves Seward and a tariff, and the sweet, sad, phantom memory of the Whig party better. The Church Anti-Slavery Society longs to help the negro, provided it can be done *salva ecclesia*.

All these shut their eyes to facts, and twist the commonest moral rules to save or serve their pets. We have the Coryphæus of *The Independent* teaching that slavery is no sin; four-fifths of the Churches cry "amen," pointing to that press as the Christian leader of the anti-slavery movement, and bidding individual Christians stop by it and not risk their salvation by looking further. Shall we let it pass? or try to save the best portion of the nation's mind, the religious, from such delusion?

The great danger for all reforms is, lest the effort be lost by letting the movement fall into hands that use it for a side purpose. History is full of instances. Misplaced Confidence is the legacy which defeated reforms have left the world as a warning; and no one has more faithfully elaborated the lesson than the author of the "*Thirty Years since the Peace.*"

Beside, nations, like individuals, are often in peril when nearest to what the world calls success. If heedless then, though they may not wholly fail, they may fall far short of what they owe their times. The anti-slavery cause in England, when, in a critical moment, it accepted the bastard Compensation for a true child, marred the noblest triumph the world ever hoped, and, as *a moral movement*, flung away half of the good it owed and might have done to the moral growth and future of England and the world. We shall shun such rocks. Our pleasantest and nearest duty is to educate such men as Beecher and Cheever, and the Church Anti-Slavery Society—the twaddling copies of Channing and the barnacles who cling to Seward—people who mean well, but see men as trees. Our hardest work, and most distasteful, is to save worthy men and well-meaning from the jesuitical priestcraft of *The Independent*, which never treated a weak foe fairly, and never lacked forbearance towards a strong one; and from the shrewd time-serving of *The Tribune*, which, fallen down from Greeley's honest blindness into the hands of money-makers, hires the best seamanship to catch every puff of the popular breeze.

Of course, philosophically speaking, we recognize the fact that, in the order of growth, men must stand, *honestly*, in the position some of these bodies occupy. "First the blade, then the ear, after that the full corn in the ear." As to the honest position of all such bodies, we look on their position as hopeful while they are with their faces Zionward, and are *in motion*. But when they take root there, shut their eyes to further light, and cry to those behind them, "We have reached the goal—stand with us, it is enough," then we needs must disabuse all men of confidence in them.

Utter ignorance never doubts. It is a proof of insight when a man begins to doubt, to weigh methods and opinions. A large portion of the awakened mind of this nation stands doubting which method is best, ours or that of a compromising party and a pro-slavery Church. With a penny press piloted into all nooks and shallows, with universal suffrage welding every man's heart to great political questions, with a voluntary and democratic Church erecting each man into a judge of morals and ethics, we have a public roused to vivid interest, capable, each individual, of appreciating the whole issue, and determined to meet and share it, such as no Englishman, in his hide-bound Realm, can conceive. Such a public is our jury—such appliances our tools. It is not information our people want, but direction and a purpose. The ear, the confidence, the support of that people we must win. So far as it now gives either to other and mistaken guides, we must undeceive it, and the only way to do that is to criticize the method and position of those who are striving to guide opinion and are most likely to succeed in misleading it.

We know the danger. "Men," says Arnold, "are tories by nature." All men, when first approaching this cause, seek to save what they have loved; and are therefore in double danger of falling into those hands which tell them they can do their whole duty to the slave without sacrificing their Church or their vote, their business or their respectability.

There are thousands to whom these papers and the men I have named are the end of all argument. Men bind *The Tribune* on their eyes, and refuse to see—have no opinion till Leonard Bacon has spoken; thousands live, move and have their whole being in the Republican party, and hush their children with the name of Garrison. Now, what use to argue, on general grounds, with those who believe in an infallible Church, Party, Press or Person? First unseat the Pope. Great abstract truths enfold the centuries like an atmosphere, permeate literature and men's thoughts, and finally change the world. But to reach the mass of men in our own age, History seems to teach us that we need to cry "Woe to you, Scribes and Pharisees"—with Luther, to excommunicate the Pope, or with Channing to attack Andover and the Atonement.

I know of no prominent advocate in the ranks of the American Anti-Slavery Society who has ever denied this doctrine. We have unanimously asserted it in resolutions, scores of times. There may be, there must be, among men who think, each for himself, differences of phrase and of judgment, how much time to devote to each topic, and just where, on the moral scale, to place each body; but nothing more.

If there were, however, that radical difference of opinion Mrs. Martineau supposes, our platform is not only large enough to hold both sides, *but it was specially built to accommodate them*; and we use our money and our hours daily in urging all honest workers, of all opinions, to join hands on it. If Mr. Pillsbury did insist on calling Beecher or Cheever "an enemy" of the cause, and Mr. Foster would never cease asking me to join him in a new political party, what then? I know no men whose hearts are nearer mine, none whose past labors have been more efficient, and few whose present blows are half as powerful as theirs in attacking our great sin, and I can work with them as long as I see them *at work*.

These mistakes (*if they did make them*) would not, like Cheever's and Beecher's, shield a corrupt Church, or uphold a wicked government. Mr. Pillsbury would, *in that case*, do grave injustice to worthy men, and that, by constant protest, I should do my best to remedy. But both of those men really love the slave so much that I do not think they would wish his true friend gagged to save their motives from being misconstrued, or their labors undervalued for one short hour.

Not only, however, does Mr. Pillsbury not cling to the word "enemy"; the other charges against him are singularly mistaken. He never uses much time. I and several other speakers occupied twice as much time as he did at the late Conventions. He rarely makes a long speech; the fear of most listeners is, "lest he should make an end." He rarely replies to any attack on his positions or resolutions; and if the discussion of such points as those embraced in his resolutions is a waste of time, many of us must plead guilty before he need, and show him the way off our platform with double offences on our heads.

Of course I do not question Mrs. Martineau's right to give us any advice she deems fit, to ask us to withdraw if she thinks that course best. The same free platform I claim is as free to her as to us, and gives her, therefore, that right. But I aver that it is a mistake, and one utterly alien to the genius and purpose of our Society, to suppose that its lists are not broad enough to admit the coöperation of all honest haters of slavery, no matter how different their method or views. Our unity comes from a common purpose, not from identical opinions. Like the Romish Church, we have work for everybody, and a place for every method, provided it makes justice its polar star. Conservatism is like machinery, with its motive power often underground, and all its parts above the grave mere tools. But collision of opinion is the life of our meetings, and draws to our doors all the life that remains in Church and State; gives us the heart of the nation to mould, and enables us to mould it. We are the laboratory where Republican parties, Beechers and Cheevers are generated. The working chemist needs acids as well as alkalis; and throwing aside those imperfect products, works on—failure teaching him skill—till at last out of the darkest matter will blaze forth the pure gem. I have myself urged Beecher and Cheever, in public and private, to come to our platform, not asking them to surrender their own opinions, but only to stand with us shoulder to shoulder, each wielding his own weapon, but bearing the odium of a motto which proclaims: "*Man*, if not the only thing sacred, at least the most sacred thing beneath the Heavens—and, *under God, Liberty and Justice first, everything else afterward*." We falsify all our past if, after claiming, for thirty years, of all parties, that they sink difference of opinion and join on our platform, in a common purpose, we now ask any to go out merely because their method differs from ours. Any one who should heed such advice, and, in consequence, leave our Society, would commit the same grave offence against its principles and his own past life and claims.

But, in fact, there is no radical difference. A trifling preference for one phrase rather than another—some difference of judgment as to how much and how far—but none at all as to the fact that, so long as any man adheres to that "covenant with death," called the Union, and acknowledges the devil's caldron for the cup of Christ, he does more harm than good to the slave. And all the eloquence of Beecher and Cheever avails nothing against the charge, except so far as the world believes their words to be truth and their lives a lie.

If I may be permitted to advise, I hope no one will leave our ranks who feels that he can work with us; least of all those who have laid their "May of youth" on the altar, whose scarred and veteran names are dear to us beyond expression—identified with many a brave deed and many braver sacrifices—hated by all who hate justice, but gems of our crown, right arms of our strength—"leaders" themselves, approved by courage, faith, labor, clear insight and long years of matchless devotion.

Yours, Wendell Phillips.

Billerica, Mass., July 21st, 1859.

* See Standard of June 25 and July 9.

† Resolved, That while we rejoice in all the indications of an advancing state of public opinion against slavery, we would still be mindful that our greatest danger is not from actual slaveholders, and the open, bold and blasphemous defenders and extenders of the institution in State or Church, in politics or pulpit, but rather from those who make specious and strong anti-slavery pretensions and professions, like the Republican party, the Boston American Tract Society, the recently formed New England and New York Church Anti-Slavery Society, the New York *Independent*, with its array of clerical editors and contributors, that are still in governmental or ecclesiastical union and fellowship with slavery and slaveholders.

Resolved, That while these organizations are thus, through their pretensions and professions, able to absorb the awakened public sympathy, control the public charity, paralyze the public conscience, and pervert even well intended action into channels that flow only with compromise, corruption and crime, it becomes our duty faithfully to rebuke them, and to warn the people against them, as the enemies of that only radical and genuine gospel through which, under God, deliverance can come to the enslaved.

REMARKS BY THE EDITOR.

1. We are glad if our silence has led Mr. Phillips to speak as he has spoken above upon a topic in regard to which we have shrunk from saying even a word, lest we should, unhappily, aggravate a difficulty that we earnestly desired to heal. In view of all the circumstances, and especially of Mrs. Martineau's relations to the cause, and to the paper as its appointed foreign correspondent, we must regard our reticence, hitherto, as a virtue rather than a fault.

2. We assent most heartily to Mr. Phillips's forcible and eloquent exposition of the duty of the American Anti-Slavery Society and its friends toward the associations, papers and persons that profess to be anti-slavery while they support a pro-slavery Government and Church. The principles he lays down are precisely those by which we have always endeavored to regulate our editorial course; and if we have fallen below them by even a hair's-breadth, we are unconscious of the fact. On this point, we fearlessly appeal to the files of The Standard; they will show, if we mistake not, that, "without concealment, without compromise," and without respect of persons or parties, we have, in this particular, "rightly divided the word of truth." We do not say this because we understand Mr. Phillips to intimate that we have come short of our duty in this respect—far from it—but in reply to accusations often made by some of the persons to whom he alludes, whose "shibboleths," seeming to us to be compounded of misconceptions, exaggerations and hyperbolical extravagances, we cannot "frame to pronounce."

3. The amendment which Mr. Phillips says would make Mr. Pillsbury's resolutions acceptable to him would remove the chief, if not the only, ground of objection to them in the minds of those who so strenuously opposed their passage. That word "enemies," applied to Cheever and Beecher and the Church Anti-Slavery Society, was the very point upon which the discussion between the friends and the opponents of the resolution turned—the former insisting that it was true, the latter maintaining that it was absurd and unjust. We might *prefer* some further change in the phraseology of the resolutions; but certainly Mr. Phillips's amendment leaves little to which we should make strenuous objection. At any rate, we believe that if his present exposition of doctrine and practice upon the point referred to had been read to the meeting, it would have been enthusiastically accepted, word for word, by Mr. Garrison and those who voted with him. We have *understood* Mr. Pillsbury, Mr. Foster and Mr. Howland to find fault with *The Liberator* and The Standard, and with the American Anti-Slavery Society, precisely because they did not treat Beecher and Cheever, and others occupying their position, as "enemies," but insisted upon regarding them, in spite of their grievous inconsistencies and faults, as "men who mean well and see men as trees," who "wish the cause well, not ill," and who may, perchance, stand where they do "honestly," and "in the order of growth." If we have misunderstood our friends upon this point, we shall be more than glad to be assured of the fact; for in that case we could join Mr. Phillips in saying that "there is no radical difference" in our ranks, but only "a trifling preference for one phrase rather than another."

4. Every Abolitionist will respond heartily to all that Mr. Phillips says of the breadth and freedom of the anti-slavery platform and of the necessity for mutual criticism and close, earnest discussion of principles and measures, and join him in the hope that not one of those who have stood upon it hitherto, battling valiantly with the enemies of the cause, will find occasion for leaving it. Surely, no "trifling preference for one phrase rather than another," in speech or resolution, *can* divide those who are of one mind and heart in regard to fundamental principles, and with whom the love of humanity is paramount to every temporary and selfish interest. We must have freedom to criticize and even to rebuke one another; but, surely, no difference as to a word or phrase, where there is unity of spirit and purpose, can afford ground for impeaching the fidelity of any servant of the cause. It is the right of every individual to offer in our meetings resolutions framed in accordance with his own judgment and taste; but it is the equal right of others to oppose them, and of the Society to refuse to adopt them, if they think their phraseology objectionable, and such opposition or refusal should not be deemed a cause of offence. It is not consistent with the genius of our enterprise for any man to weave his own idiosyncracies of temperament, speech and action into a *test*, and to require his associates to accept it on pain of being denounced as unfaithful to the cause. Certainly it is no legitimate ground of complaint if men, thus impeached by their associates for the honest exercise of their judgment, protest against the injustice with unreserved frankness and freedom.

5. We do not understand Mr. Phillips to intimate, and we presume no friend of the cause in this country would say, that Mrs. Martineau, in plainly and frankly expressing her views, transcended the freedom which our platform allows and invites, and which Mr. P. so forcibly illustrates and defends. Certainly, no one can for a moment suspect her of any unkindness toward Mr. Pillsbury, with whom she has long stood on the most friendly terms, and whose past labors, not only in this country, but in Great Britain, she doubtless highly appreciates. If, on account of her distance from the scene, she has not, as Mr. Phillips thinks, fully comprehended the facts which must form the basis of any sound conclusion upon the subject, and on this account has offered unsound advice, her remarks are still valuable, because they show us the impression made on the mind of an enlightened, devoted and experienced friend of the cause in England by what is passing among us. On one point, it seems to us, Mr. Phillips has mistaken her meaning. We did not understand her to intimate or imply that Mr. Pillsbury was in the habit of making long or numerous speeches, but to express her deep regret that *any* time whatever in our meetings should be spent in the utterance of what she regarded as "mutual distrust, accusation and denunciation," and in what she characterized as needless and unprofitable "bickering" respecting parties and persons outside of our ranks. We have no authority, however, to interpret her words. She will, doubtless, if she sees occasion, speak for herself in due time.

—Less than this we could not say—more we desire not to express at present, except to utter the heartfelt wish and hope that the American Anti-Slavery Society may never be divided, but grow stronger and mightier in the love and service of freedom day by day, until it shall draw the whole nation up to its high platform, and witness the consummation of the purpose for which it was formed in the emancipation of every slave on the American soil!

HOW IT WAS DONE.

Many persons have asked us by what process the compromise was effected between the U. S. District Court and the State Court of Ohio, whereby the Oberlin rescuers and the Kentucky kidnappers of the fugitive "John" were simultaneously released, and some have expressed a fear that the rescuers had involved themselves in an unworthy "juggle." The facts, in brief, are as follows: The kidnappers, on being arrested, were put the into Lorain Co. jail; but their attendance as witnesses against the rescuers in the U. S. District Court being indispensable, they were released on bail. The State Court was to hold a special term for the purpose of trying them at Elyria, July 6th. The U. S. District Court having adjourned, and the day fixed for their trial being near at hand, a plan was formed to effect their release by a *habeas corpus*, issued by Judge M'Lean of the U. S. Circuit Court. The writ was readily procured, but it could not, of course, be made available, until the kidnappers should be in custody of a State officer. The men who had bailed them sought the examining magistrate in order to surrender them into his hands and thus compel him to send them to jail. Judge M'Lean's writ could then be served upon the jailer or sheriff, and a decree for their release speedily procured from the U. S. Court. The State magistrate, however, knowing what was going on, kept himself out of the way, and the sheriff, being under no legal obligation to receive them as prisoners, refused to do so. Here was a dilemma, from which they saw no way of escape, for Judge M'Lean's writ would be of no avail from the moment that they appeared before the State Court, which would be under no obligation to respond to it. Not liking the prospect of a long residence in the Ohio penitentiary, the kidnappers proposed to the prosecuting counsel for Lorain County to discharge them under a *nolle prosequi*, upon condition that they (the kidnappers) should induce the U. S. District Attorney to procure the discharge, by the same process, of the rescuers then in the jail at Cleveland. The proposition being accepted by the counsel for the State, the Kentuckians and their counsel addressed U. S. District Attorney Belden, entreating him to fulfil the condition on the part of the United States, or rather to procure its fulfilment by the Court. They represented that "the convictions already had in the prosecutions for the rescue of the boy John were a sufficient vindication of the law"; that "the parties yet under indictment had been imprisoned already for a longer period than they would perhaps have been if convicted," and that this was all that they, "as Kentuckians, would ask"; that they (the kidnappers) were remaining in Ohio "at very great personal inconvenience and sacrifice," &c., and therefore they were willing, for the sake of releasing themselves from an unpleasant prosecution, to cease from their efforts to procure the conviction of the rescuers remaining untried. The District Attorney, with the consent of Judge Miller, thereupon entered a *nolle prosequi*, the Judge of the State Court did the same in the case of the kidnappers, and the matter was at an end.

It does not appear from the papers that the rescuers were themselves parties to the arrangement, or that they were even consulted. We hope they did not, merely for the sake of escaping further imprisonment, consent to let the kidnappers go unwhipped of justice and lose a precious opportunity to vindicate the sovereignty of the State by their punishment. The Lorain County officers, we think, committed a great mistake, and one which virtually leaves Ohio under the feet of the Slave Oligarchy. The trials should have been allowed to proceed, on both sides, to their natural result. If the kidnappers had been convicted, we should have had a fine opportunity to test the pluck of Gov. Chase; if, for want of firmness in the Court and jury, they had escaped, the revolutionary sentiment would yet have been invigorated and intensified by the result. Still, it is only fair to say that the minions of the Slave Power are far from jubilant over this conclusion of the matter. The Cleveland *Plaindealer* bitterly says:

"The Government has been beaten at last, with law, justice and facts all on its side, and Oberlin, with its rebellious Higher Law creed, is triumphant. There will now be some unearthly shoutings by these triumphant myrmidons of Mormonism. Oberlin will blaze in her new won glory and Te Deums will be sung in all her churches. There will be a great accession to her calendar of saints. Those immortal men who, armed with muskets, mobbed the United States officials, while in the discharge of their sworn duties, will now be canonized, instead of cannonaded, and Saint Peck will be listed with Saint Peter, as worthy to hold the keys of Paradise."

Tokens of Progress in Old Harvard.—Our Boston correspondent makes due record of the recent bestowment upon Charles Sumner of the degree of LL.D., by the authorities of Harvard University. The following paragraph from *The Tribune* contains information not supplied, so far as we know, from any other source:

"A private letter from Boston reports a little rumpus in the recent meeting of the Alumni of Harvard College, which, by some curious accident, has not been reported in any of the Boston journals. It appears that a body of young fellows among the Alumni were present at the meeting, and first caused the proposal to nominate officers by Committee to be voted down. Then, on the ballot for President, strange to say, Mr. Charles Francis Adams had 26 votes to 43 for Mr. R. Winthrop. Next came the choice of a Vice-President, and, what was most surprising of all, Mr. Wendell Phillips was found to have 17 votes. According to our informant, when Prof. Felton came to announce the result, he gave the number of votes cast for Mr. P., but refused to mention his name, though there were loud calls for it—but this we can hardly believe. Prof. Bowen made a speech denouncing the conduct of the opponents of Mr. Winthrop as extraordinary and unanticipated, and Prof. Felton called it audacious. It seems that Massachusetts is so pervaded by anti-slavery feeling and by dislike of Mr. Winthrop, that the opposition to him breaks out even in the meeting of the Alumni of Harvard College."

Judge Gholson, the Republican candidate for Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of Ohio, did not, we are happy in being assured by the *Ashtabula Sentinel*, sell his slaves and pocket the funds before leaving Mississippi, as he was accused of doing by the Democratic papers. He brought them away and emancipated them—an act which redounds to his honor; but it does not by any means prove that he is sound on the question of State sovereignty as applied to the rendition of fugitive slaves.

THE CHARACTER OF RUFUS CHOATE.

It is sickening to read the unqualified and fulsome praise bestowed by hunker presses and orators upon the character of the late Rufus Choate, as if his life had been an example of every virtue that can adorn humanity. That he possessed some fine natural traits, and that he was endowed with great talents, we have no doubt; but if we measure him by any proper standard of moral and manly excellence, we cannot justify the unqualified praises which his death has called forth. If Theodore Parker were at home and able to speak, we should not have to wait long for a searching and truthful analysis of his life and character. It is refreshing, however, to find *one* popular journal, which, while it does full justice to his genius and his admitted excellencies, yet has the courage to speak of his faults in such a way as to deter the young from imitating them. The Springfield *Republican* says:

"As a politician or a statesman, he was a failure, because *he lacked conscience*, calmness and courage. He was erratic, impulsive, cowardly, sincere." "It is the highest evidence of his genius and his industry that they attained for him this position, in spite of *the greatest failing which a lawyer can have*. We refer to what was notorious in the profession, to what, in one form, had passed into a bye-word with the public—his disregard of truth and justice in the undertaking and trial of causes. In assuming a suit, or a defence, he never seemed to ask, is this right? does my client seek the ends of justice and truth? Nor, in the prosecution of a case, did he seem to hesitate in the use of doubtful and dishonest means to secure the end." "No cause seemed so desperate, or so bad, that he would not undertake its defence; no suggestion of law, no trick of forms, so shallow or puerile that he would not press it into service for his purpose." "*It was a shame to him while living, it is a blot upon his brilliant fame when dead.*"

The Liberator, which never lacks the courage to tell what it thinks and resist the tide of popular subserviency and degeneracy, makes these eminently just remarks:

"As a public speaker, we have seldom listened to one of any reputation for eloquence with less satisfaction. Whether at the bar or on the platform, he was a professional Zouave. His gesticulations were a combination of tragedy, comedy and farce, and his speeches distinguished for labyrinthian verbosity, beyond all power of extrication. A more vicious style is not to be found in English history—inflated, disjointed, flashy, sophomorical, double-and-twisted, helter-skelter, and whatever characterizes the 'spread eagle' school. In this respect, the difference between himself and Mr. Webster was almost infinite. How clear, forcible, terse, was every sentence uttered or recorded by the latter! How like a will-o'-th'-wisp was the former, whether with pen or tongue! Granted that he was remarkable for his literary, scholastic and legal attainments—for his copiousness of speech, exuberance of imagination, and power of persuasion—there is nothing to quote, nothing to remember, in any of his oratorical efforts, because of endless circumlocution and metaphysical cloudiness.

"But, admitting all that is claimed for Mr. Choate by his most idolatrous eulogists, in regard to his genius and talents, so much the more is he to be held to the strictest account for the use he made of them. He had not a particle of moral courage, or moral sensibility; his patriotism, like that of Webster, was made up of glorification of Bunker Hill and Plymouth Rock, and the meanest subserviency to the cottonocracy of Massachusetts and the slavocracy of the South; he was the enemy of the Anti-Slavery movement in all its phases; he refused to testify against the daring insult bestowed upon his native State by the murderous assault made upon Charles Sumner at Washington, and had no words of sympathy for the distinguished sufferer, as he lay weltering in his blood; he was the shameless and inflexible supporter of the accursed Fugitive Slave law, and for its stern enforcement to the bitter end; he endorsed and applauded all those acts of Webster which have stained his memory, and consigned him historically to association with all who were false to their times, and traitors to the cause of God and humanity; he sneeringly described the glorious 'self-evident truths' of the immortal Declaration of Independence as mere 'glittering generalities,' thus striking a blow at the foundation of American freedom and all human rights, in the spirit of arrant toryism. Is such a man to be held up as worthy of admiration and imitation? God forbid!"

A WORD FROM PENNSYLVANIA.

As our Philadelphia correspondent (as much to the regret of our readers as to our own, we doubt not) has been silent for some time past, we venture to publish the following extract from a private letter, received a few days since.

"I have just returned (July 17th) from a tedious, but satisfactory, anti-slavery tour into the interior of the State. Passing through Bellefonte, I visited Elk, Clinton, and Union Counties, speaking in the chief towns of each. My audiences were not always large, owing to the excessive heat of the weather, and to the shortness, in several cases, of the notice, but they included persons of a class whom I was especially desirous to reach; lawyers and other leading men, whose position in society enables them to exert an influence. At Ridgeway the Court was in session—a circumstance that was favorable to my purpose. At Winslow, the home of our staunch friend, Reuben Winslow, who has for twenty years upheld the standard of the cause in that region, I had a very gratifying meeting. Mr. Winslow was one of the earliest settlers in Elk County, and one of the most influential and useful men in it. Everybody appears to know him, and to know that he is an Abolitionist, and, what is more, everybody seems to respect him.

"At Lockhaven, the evening I spoke was the hottest known there for eight years. The thermometer had stood at 97 during the afternoon, and the room in which I lectured was as hot as a furnace. Yet the people stood it like Shadrach, Mesheck and Abednego. At Lewisburg, the seat of justice of Union County, the weather was scarcely less intolerable, but I had a good audience and one that listened with lively and apparently undiminished interest to a lecture nearly two hours in length.

"Benjamin S. Jones visited Elk County in 1843, and Cyrus M. Burleigh a few years after; but with these exceptions, I believe that part of the State has never until now had an opportunity of hearing an anti-slavery lecture."

The American Board is struggling under a heavy load of debt, and begging piteously for relief. In a recent circular of the Treasurer it is stated, as "a painful fact," that the receipts for March, April and May of the present year "have been less than during the corresponding three months of any previous year since 1849." The average receipts in those months during the previous nine years amounted to $84,000; while for the present year, the amount received in the corresponding time (now also including special contributions for the debt) is less than $65,000! There is a probability that the debt of the Board at its next annual meeting (in September) will be $80,000. We rejoice to believe that this lack of funds is owing in part to the pro-slavery duplicity and wickedness of the managers of the American Board. There is not in the world a more unprincipled association, bearing a religious name, than the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions. In it is concentrated the corrupt and corrupting Pharisaism and conservatism of the pro-slavery Orthodox Churches, constituting one of the strongest pillars of the slave system. The interests of freedom and Christianity alike demand its overthrow.

The Weekly Anglo-African.—This is the title of a very good-looking paper, the first number of which was issued last week in this city. It is published by Thomas Hamilton, 48 Beekman street, and devoted to the best interests of the colored people. It sets forth its aims (all highly praiseworthy) under eight distinct heads, but nowhere speaks of the abolition of slavery as one of its objects, though it avows its purpose "to point the right path for our people, both free and enslaved, throughout the land." The work it has undertaken is of very great importance, and one in which we hope it may meet with a high degree of success; but we cannot help saying, that if we could once see the free colored people heartily engaged in the anti-slavery cause, we should have higher hopes of their own rapid moral and intellectual improvement. We honor their every effort to throw off the weight of social proscription under which they are struggling, but their brethren in bonds have claims upon them that they ought not to ignore or forget. The price of *The Anglo-African* is $2 per annum.

A Colored Representative.—The *Ohio Statesman*, a pro-slavery paper, says it has heard "that the Oberlin 'saints' are exceedingly anxious to run Langston, the colored convicted rescuer, for the Legislature." We wish they would, and elect him too; but we fear that is too much to hope of the Republican party even in the County of which Oberlin forms a part. Those who have read the speech which Mr. Langston made at the time he was sentenced by Judge Miller as a criminal, for assisting in the rescue of "the boy John," will need no further evidence of his qualification for legislative service.

Children's Convention.—We hear that preparations are making for a large Convention for Children at Mullica Hill, N. J. "Uncle Joseph" (Joseph A. Dugdale), the "children's friend," is to be there and unite with them in celebrating the anniversary of West India Emancipation. The meeting is to be held to-day (Saturday).

Our European Correspondence.

LETTERS FROM PARIS.....No. VIII.

PARIS, July.

THE recent events at Perugia throw much light upon the Italian question. The papers have undoubtedly given you many details upon the atrocities committed in this unfortunate little town by the papal troops. In illustration of the state of things, I can give you a few details about the American tourist's family, who happened to be there at the time. These details I extract from a letter just received from Italy.

The family were just getting up from dinner, when they heard the firing begin; but they had consulted everybody, and had concluded that everything would be amicably settled, and that, at any rate, they should have time to get away. They lived in the opposite quarter of the town to that at which the Swiss were expected to enter. So, when they heard the first firing, they were not much alarmed, but presently it came nearer and nearer. At last they went to the back of the house, still thinking that their danger was only from a chance shot. Then the gates of their own house were attacked, and things began to get very serious, and they all shut themselves into a dark closet, two feet wide, in a room in the middle of the house, Mr. P * * * dragging the woman of the house in with them, which probably saved her life. At last the soldiers broke in, pillaging everything, killing everybody they met. Then they began to search for the American family, to kill them. Mr. and Mrs. P. held the door of the closet as long as they could, but of course it was at length broken open. The lady begged for their lives, and said they were strangers and Americans, but, most of the soldiers being drunk, it seemed to make no great impression, till at last one of them said, "It is a shame! these are innocent, inoffensive people, and you shall not kill them"; and, partly by force, partly by entreaty, he made his comrades leave them in peace, after having taken all their watches and whatever else of any value they had. They went back to their closet, where they stayed fourteen hours, their friend among the soldiers still continuing with them, and, when night came, sleeping before the door, of which there was need, as the others came back several times during the night, and tried to get at them. After going through all this, they did at last escape, and, by slow degrees, got to Florence, the only way in which they could be transported being by oxen, so you may imagine how long they were on the way.

When the news of Perugia came to Paris, all the papers, excepting the clerical ones, attacked the papal government, saying that it was no better than the Austrian government in Lombardy, quite as unpopular in Italy, and remonstrated against the cruel orders given by him who pretends to represent on earth the God of Love and Peace. After having encouraged Edmond About in the publication of his work on the Roman government, you may remember that the French Emperor ordered the book to be seized and suppressed. In this new circumstance, the same spirit was evinced. A paper, named the *Siecle*, received from the government an official communication, thus worded: "The *Siecle*, by attacking, to-day, the papacy in its political power, and in the dogma of which it is the august personification, confounds the holy cause of Italian independence with the cause of revolution. The government of the Emperor must protest against such a confusion, which is calculated to excite bad passions, to trouble consciences, and to mislead public opinion as to the principles of French policy. Respect for and protection of the papacy are a part of the programme for the triumph of which the Emperor is gone to Italy to establish order, on the satisfaction of legitimate interests. The papers which continue to change the character of the glorious war we are making are wanting in the strictest obligations of national feeling. If a struggle so much to be deplored has taken place at Perugia, the responsibility of it must fall upon those who have obliged the pontifical power to use its arms for its legitimate defence."

If the papers were at liberty to reply to those *communicated* advices (as they are called), the *Siecle* could have said that the responsibility spoken of in the preceding lines must fall directly upon the French Emperor himself. Was it not he who, when entering Milan, issued a proclamation to the Italians (not to the Lombards, or Venetians, or the Florentines—no, but to all *Italians*) asking them to follow Victor Emanuel's appeal, to rush to arms, and unite together in war? Are the inhabitants of Ravenna, Bologna, Ancona, Perugia not Italians? If they had not been invited to it by the solicitation of all Italian patriots and by the *French* proclamation itself, would they have offered the dictatorship to the King of Sardinia? I wonder with what feelings the heroic Garibaldi, once a defender of republican Rome, will read the *note* sent to the French papers on the subject of the massacre of Perugia! He will see clearly then, what he perhaps already suspects, that the ally of Italy, though he pretends to give independence to the Italians, will not permit them to overthrow the temporal power of the Pope. His interference will be felt in many more questions, by and by. Already Cavour has applied to the Italian press the severity which has destroyed the press in Imperial France since 1852; the *Statuto* of Piedmont is suspended—for how long? who shall say?

The preparations of Germany for war are now ended; the army and the Landwehr are *mobilisirt*. I saw, two days ago, one of the historians of Germany, M. P * * * z. "I have," he told me, "three sons in the army; two were students; the third is in a banking-house. They have been obliged to leave their occupations. In our country every man is a soldier; I myself belong to the *landsturm*, which comprises all the people between 45 and 62, and should be called to arms in case of invasion." "It must be a very serious thing," said I, "to *mobiliser* the army in your country?" "Yes," said he, "it makes war almost inevitable. When people are obliged to leave their family, their business, their trades, it must be for an immediate object." "But why has Germany armed, since Bonaparte's professions are very conciliatory?" "We do not believe in him; he says he does not want conquests; but he certainly wants influence—supremacy; and supremacy is *potential* conquest. If we permit him to interfere wherever *justice and civilization are concerned*, he will be the master of the world, and then his son, if not himself, will conquer the world." "But you have no sympathy with the Austrian government?" "Not the slightest; we detest it. Austria has done us much harm; but we hope that misfortune will better her government, and we should only ally ourselves with her on condition she should change her political system." "But are you not afraid the soldiers of Solferino could win another Jena?" "We are; we expect to be beaten at first—but we feel it our duty to resist Bonaparte, happen what may. Our cause is the cause of constitutional liberty, which cannot perish. His is the cause of military despotism, which, after so many triumphs, must fall in the end." "If France had now another government, a republic or a constitutional monarchy, you could not think of interfering then?" "No, because such a government would, by its nature and policy, be a sufficient guarantee to us, while Bonaparte's protestations of friendship are of no value; we know very well that, though he proclaims to-day the principle of nationalities in Italy, he thinks of adding to France the *German* provinces of the Rhine; his plan is to *localize* war, in order to attack one power after the other. One of the caricatures of the day represents him, dressed like Figaro, in a barber's shop. The Emperor of Russia has just been shaved and is washing himself; the Emperor of Austria is in a chair, half shaved; Prince Albert is taking off his coat, and John Bull is sitting quietly in a corner, reading his paper, and saying, 'Shave these gentlemen first!—I am not in a hurry.'"

The state of Austria is represented as very alarming; the House of Hapsburg is punished for its long and often bloody tyranny, by the rebellion of its provinces, the indifference of England, the inertia of Germany, the threatening attitude of Russia, the ruin of the finances, the destruction of commerce. Never has a great nation found itself in more trying circumstances. Reforms are spoken of, and constitutional guarantees will be given to the provinces; if this be not done *at once*, if the *Metternich* policy does not follow him to his grave, Austria will, indeed, lose more in the coming year than her grasping diplomacy and her arms have gained in a century.

I am sorry to hear that in Russia the war party is very strong and has for its principal object to throw the young Czar in such difficulties as will divert his mind from the question of emancipation. People would be very much mistaken who should think that all the Russian boyards are willing to give up *their peculiar institution*. Only the Russian nobleman has as much need of imperial power as of serfs; and as Alexander has set his heart upon the question of emancipation, they do not attack his intentions directly: they form committees, they write reports, blacken much paper, pass resolutions, &c. Meanwhile, Prince Gortchakoff raises armies, foments intrigues in Greece, in Turkey, in Montenegro, in Hungary, in the Prussian and Austrian provinces of Poland, and is gradually preparing Russia for a war; and the first cannon shot of a Russian army will blow to the winds all the resolutions of the emancipation committees; and like the first Alexander, and Nicholas himself, Alexander the Second will be forced to abandon his plans. There is but one way of doing such a thing as the abolition of slavery or serfdom. All the committees of both houses under the French monarchy did nothing but show sympathy with the slaves; in the year 1848, Arago, with a sheet of white paper and a pen and ink, abolished slavery in an instant, and it has never since existed in our colonies.

From our Boston Correspondent.

NO. CCLII.

THE ARGUMENT.—The Correspondent is improprietous as to Mr. Choate's Burial—His ventose epithetons—He differeth from the Voice of the Brotherhood—And commendeth The Liberator—He congratulateth the Editor on their posthumous happiness—He condoleth with Mr. George Sumner on his thanksgiving—And doth justice to his moderation—He expoundeth the mystery of mutton—And describeth the Doctorization of Senator Sumner—Also commencement—He treateth of Oldest Graduates—Also of the Trade Sales—He repeateth the Reward offered for Crispus Attucks—And giveth the particulars of the Slave Market of Boston on one day more than a Century since, &c. &c. &c.

BOSTON, July 25th, 1859.

WE have at last succeeded in burying Mr. Choate. We were nearly a week about it; but he is now fairly at rest in Mount Auburn. We began the wordy sacrifice as soon as the news came of his death by telegram; and as the old Greeks raised barrows over their heroes and the Scandinavians piled up stones, so have we brought together an infinite quantity of words and heaped them together over his body. Empty words enough they were too; but none the less symbolically appropriate for that. Mr. Choate was emphatically a man of words, and therefore this windy monument is all the more suited to his sepulture. I see that your Bar have contributed their "windy suspiration of forced breath" to the airy oblation. And I suppose fresh bags of wind will continue to arrive for some time to come,

"To strew the laureate hearse where Lycid lies!"

What a slang-whanging generation we are, to be sure! All kinds of men, Democrats, Resurrectionized Whigs, "galvanized to go" for the occasion, and Republicans, all unite in swelling the chorus of praise over the coffin of the best Old Bailey lawyer in the land! Mr. Everett and Mr. Hallett, Mr. Richard H. Dana, the younger, and General Cushing, Governor Banks and Dr. South-side Adams, all join hands and voices in the great liturgy of humbug. *The Liberator* is the only newspaper that has spoken a word of truth and soberness on the subject. I hope you will copy its brief chronicle, as it is not only the truth, but what four-fifths, not to say nine-tenths, of the blatant mourners will admit to be the truth, when they round you in the ear. What had Mr. Choate done in his lifetime that so many men should glory in making themselves fools over his grave? What public service of any kind had he rendered? He had got off more desperate villains from punishment and made more bad causes good than any other lawyer in America. But then he had been paid for all this while in the flesh, and why not let that suffice? His own profession might naturally regard him with wonder and with praise; but one would think his canonization might be left in their hands. Let us rejoice, my worthy friend, that we are safe in our obscurity from this new horror which Yankee Snobbery has added to death.

Let us talk of something else. Mr. George Sumner is no longer the Great Unthanked. He has subsided into the common file of Fourth of July Orators who have received every man his pennyworth of Municipal thanksgiving. The more's the pity. It must be a great disappointment to him to be thus robbed of the meed of Civic censure. To be sure, they did the best they could to make their thank-offering as little worth as might be; but it would have been much more satisfactory to have had it refused altogether. An oration asked for by City authorities and thanked for by them, too, must indeed be a work to bowl the author "as low as to the fiends." There has been an attempt on the part of *The Post* of this city, I think, or of some of the National patriots, to intimate that Mr. Sumner made interest to get this appointment, or at least made a jump at it. A man making interest for a Fourth of July Oration! They may tell that to the Marines. As soon will men believe that he made interest for a turn on the treadmill or in the stocks or the pillory. But I happen to know that the very opposite of all this is the actual fact. Mr. Sumner twice put by this kingly crown when our Aldermanic Antonys pressed it upon him. And the reason given, by those that profess to be well informed on the subject, for his final acceptance of it, is this sufficient one. The Committee employed to hound out an orator came to Mr. Sumner for the third time just as he was going to dinner, and Fate or Providence had provided for that dinner a smoking leg of roast mutton. Now, every intelligent and accountable being recognizes the moral duty of eating roast mutton *hot*, and how could it be eaten hot if he had to wait while an idea was hammered into an Aldermanic pate? It may have been a weakness, but it was surely a natural, not to say an amiable, one that made Mr. Sumner consent to risk his bacon in order to save his mutton. His case was the very opposite of that of Burke, as told by Goldsmith, for he chose "to cut blocks with a razor" in order that he might eat mutton *hot* instead of cold.

And, *apropos* of Mr. Sumner, his brother, the Senator, received his degree of Doctor of Laws this year at Cambridge, which he should have had three years ago. What an opportunity the College authorities missed in not seizing on that year of the attempt of slavery on his life to show their sympathy with him and his cause! Yale and Amherst vindicated themselves by doing this very thing at the right moment. However, it has come at last, and the announcement of his name was received with a burst of applause, entirely unprecedented on such solemn occasions. This was the more observable inasmuch as there was no particular expectation of any such annunciation, and it took the audience by surprise. For a year or two after general attention had been attracted to what the College might do in the premises, there was an eager listening for his name, which would have been responded to by long-resounding plaudits. This year, I think, nobody was thinking of anything of the kind, so that the applause was really spontaneous and irrepressible. The Commencement was very much like all others that have gone before it, and calls for no particular remark. It was chiefly distinguished from others by the fact that the two oldest graduates, the Hon. Josiah Quincy and Dr. John Walton, were present. I rather think this is a circumstance which has not happened for many years. Dr. Holyoke, of Salem, was the oldest graduate from 1820 to 1829, when he died in his hundred and second year. I think I remember his being present after he had reached that preëminence; but I rather think there has been no other instance for a long time—it not being usual for persons so advanced in years to be able to endure the fatigue incident to such an occasion. It is a little curious that two of the twenty Presidents of the University should also have reached the head of the vanishing line of her sons before they died. Increase Mather, who graduated in 1656 and died in 1723, stood first on the list of graduates at the time of his death, and he was President also for several years.

Since I wrote to you last, Boston has made an attempt to recover a portion of her trade which has slipped over to your overgrown emporium. It was based on the idea that Boston might be made again, as she was once, the mart for the purchase and dispersion of the domestic goods manufactured in New England. This business seemed naturally and properly enough to belong to her, if she could but get and keep it. So the Trade Sales were instituted, and I believe with a fair success. Whether it can or cannot be done, must depend on the Laws of Trade, which are as unalterable as those of the Medes and Persians, where they really attach. The object of this experiment is to ascertain whether they will permit this setting back again of the course of traffic. A large concourse of merchants came together, and large sales were made; but whether this will grow into a custom can only be decided by experience. If it be true, as has been asserted, that the presence of the tradespeople from the slave States was the immediate occasion of the flunkeyish behavior of the City Government in the matter of Mr. George Sumner's Oration, the fewer we have of them the better. If Boston has to throw in her self-respect and spirit with her cottons and shoes to induce purchasers, I think she had better still employ New York as her factor. One thing was absurd enough, and that was the setting of sprats by way of bait to catch gudgeons by the authorities. Various plans were devised and advertised for the entertainment and delectation of the visitors, and the visitors showed their sense by letting them slide. The Mayor of Charlestown made an entertainment for these inhospitable guests of ours, and I believe only *two* went! And our own Mayor had an experience of much the same kind. I trust these experiences will teach our overweening citizens a lesson for the future. If they can make Boston the most convenient point for the purchase of a particular class of goods, the trade will most infallibly come here. If not, Excursions and Suppers and Champagne spread their charms in vain.

I have just been shown a curious advertisement in the Boston *Gazette* of Tuesday, Nov. 20, 1750. It is a reward for the arrest of Crispus Attucks, the mulatto who was the first martyr to liberty at the Massacre of March, 1770. I was glad to find that he had had the pluck and love of liberty to run away from his master before he undertook to defy ours. It is as follows: "Run away from his Master, William Brown of Framingham, on the 30th of Sept. last, a Molatto Fellow, about 27 years of age, named Crispus, well set, 6 Feet 2 Inches high, short curl'd hair, Knees nearer together than common; had on a light colour'd Bearskin Coat, brown Fustian Jacket, new Buckskin Breeches, blew Yarn Stockings, and a check'd Shirt." Then Ten Pounds, Old Tenor, Reward, and all necessary charges, are offered to any one returning him to his master. There is no question about the identity of the man, as I could show had I time and were it worth while. But is it not an odd circumstance that one of our few historical martyrs should have been a runaway slave? I should like to know whether there was National patriotism enough then to secure his due rendition. At any rate, his master had clothed him rather better than the poor fellows who come over the Underground Railway nowadays. And so had Mr. Josiah Stowell of Watertown, who advertises for the recovery of his Molatto-colour'd Servant who had escaped from him, and who "had on when he went away, a light colour'd Duroy Coat with red Lining, a dark Cloth colour'd Jacket and Breeches, a white Linnen Shirt, light blew Yarn Stockings, a Felt Hat, almost new, and a pair of thick Shoes with brass Buckles." One can hardly restrain an emotion of indignation at the ungrateful chattel who could run away with such good clothes on his back. The Boston Man Market, I am proud to say, was not entirely bare of goods on that day, though the supply was not large. Isaac Royall, Esq., in Charlestown had for sale a very likely Young Negro Fellow, who had been in the Country five years, sold for no fault, but only as his Master had no Occasion for him. Here is encouragement for Mr. Lamar to push his war into Africa, for it is clear that this likely fellow was a fresh importation. And, besides him, any one wanting a likely Negro Man, fit for Town or Country Business, or a White Servant Maid's Time for about Four Years Time, could be served by inquiring of the Printer. If our Southern Brethren, or Dr. Nehemiah Adams, can make any capital for South-side Slavery out of these facts, they are much at their service. At any rate, such advertisements have been "stopped out" of Boston papers for eighty years, at least, and that is something on the other side. If I had but room, I could give you some other funny things out of this little scrap of a newspaper, but I must stop here. D. Y.

TWENTY-FOURTH PENNSYLVANIA ANTI-SLAVERY FAIR, AND NATIONAL BAZAAR.

THE Committee of Management of this well-known Fair, in making their annual announcement, have, this year, to advertise a new arrangement which they have made for the promotion of that great cause in aid of which their Bazaar has been annually held for nearly a quarter of a century. It is that our next Bazaar is to be National in its character, and not, as heretofore, a Pennsylvania institution alone.

The National Anti-Slavery Bazaar, which has been held, in the City of Boston, during many years, and has been so widely and favorably known on both sides of the Atlantic, having given place to another method of obtaining funds for our cause, it has been judged a wise measure that the Pennsylvania Fair should be now made National in its character. As our whole enterprise, in all its departments, is truly one, and best known, both at home and abroad, by the name of the American Anti-Slavery Society and its affiliations, it is sufficient to announce that one-half of the profits of our Fair will be put into the treasury of the American Anti-Slavery Society, and the other half, under the direction of its auxiliaries, will be used for the promotion of our cause, in Pennsylvania.

It can scarcely be necessary even to advert to the character of the means by which our enterprise is conducted, so well are they known, both at home and abroad. It is sufficient to say that in the weapons with which we commenced this conflict, and which have, in all ages, proved "mighty through God to the pulling down of strongholds" of evil, we confidently trust for complete victory. Still less is it needful that, in such an announcement as this, we should enter on an exposition of our well-known principles. We call upon all who love and value those principles to aid us in their dissemination.

To the friends of our cause in Europe, whose generous gifts have for many years been made to the Boston Bazaar, we say, let your contributions of money be devoted to our cause, through the medium of the Boston Anti-Slavery Festival, which has taken the place of that Bazaar; and permit us, if you please, to be the recipients of your other gifts which have been annually sent in various forms of articles of merchandise, to our coadjutors in Massachusetts. These products of your industry and taste and skill, these contributions from the shops and warehouses of your artisans and manufacturers, we can transmute to money, which money we shall receive as a sacred trust from you, to be appropriated, with our utmost fidelity and wisdom, to the abolition of American slavery.

To our friends and coadjutors at home, whose willing hearts and active hands have ever been quick to aid us in this department of our labor, we need to make but one suggestion. We merely remind them that as our Fair is, this year, to have a broader basis, and to extend its operations, it will require of us all somewhat larger gifts than heretofore, of labor, time, or money, according to our ability.

Our Bazaar will be opened in CONCERT HALL, in the City of Philadelphia, on Monday, the 12th, and will continue until Saturday, the 17th day of December, 1859. Contributions of money or of articles of merchandise will be gratefully received, and may be sent, at any time, to the Philadelphia Anti-Slavery Office, No. 107 North Fifth street, or to any member of the Committee. We trust that our friends, in the city and country, will be prompt in assuring us of their hearty and active co-operation.

The present aspects of our cause are full of encouragement; abounding proofs that our past labors have not been in vain bid us be of good cheer, while the magnitude of the work before us urges us onward to new toils and greater victories.

SARAH PUGH,	EMILY W. TAYLOR,
ANNA M. CHILD,	EVELINA SUPPLEE,
MARIA M. DAVIS,	EMMA PARKER,
REBECCA S. HART,	MARTHA KIMBER,
MARY GREW,	CLEMENTINE G. JOHN,
SARAH PIERCE,	SARAH KENDERDINE,
HULDAH JUSTICE,	ANNA M HOPPER,
ABBY KIMBER,	ELIZABETH GAY,
RACHEL WILSON,	LYDIA GILLINGHAM,
LUCRETIA MOTT,	JANETTE JACKSON,
SARAH C. HALLOWELL,	MARGARETTA FORTEN,
MARTHA A. GALVIN,	MARGARET A. GRISCOM,
ANNIE SHOEMAKER,	GULIELMA M. JONES,
ELLEN M. CHILD,	SARAH K. GILLINGHAM,
SARAH A. MCKIM,	AGNES CRAIN,
REBECCA PLUMLY,	HARRIET D. PURVIS,
LYDIA WHITE,	MARY T. STICKNEY,
MARGARET J. BURLEIGH,	SUSAN W. SHAW,
ROSANNA THOMPSON,	ELIZABETH CLENDENNON,
HANNAH L. STICKNEY,	MARIA CONKLIN,
MARY SHAW,	SARAH S. CHILD.

CHARACTERISTIC.—The *New York Observer* of last week contained an article full of the grossest abuse of Theodore Parker, while in another column the editor eulogized the blood-besmeared Emperor of the French as "the man of the age," as one who has displayed wonderful "self-control," "prudence," "courage," and "forgetfulness of self." If *The Observer* had been published in Jerusalem, in the days of Jesus, it would, no doubt, have joined the Scribes and Pharisees in their preference for Barabbas over the Prince of Peace.

A NEW STORY BY MISS GRIFFITH.—Many of our readers will be glad to find in our present issue the beginning of a new Story, by Miss MATTIE GRIFFITH, author of "The Autobiography of a Female Slave," and whose previous contributions have added much to the interest of our columns. Having spent the greater part of her life in Kentucky, her native State, she is perfectly familiar with all the social and domestic influences of slavery, and therefore able to enlighten the people of the North as to its effects both upon the masters and the slaves.

END OF THE WAR.—Our readers will not be sorry to learn that the war in Italy is ended. Of the conditions of the peace and the consequences likely to follow we can say little now. Mrs. MARTINEAU's next letter, which we hope to publish next week, will doubtless throw light upon the subject. Sardinia may have gained something in throwing off the Austrian yoke, but the rest of Italy, we fear, will be left in chains whose strength is in no degree diminished by the war.

GOLDEN WEDDING.—Deacon Samuel May and wife, of Boston (parents of Rev. Samuel May, Jr., and honored members of Theodore Parker's congregation), celebrated their Golden Wedding anniversary a few days since. Among the many valuable gifts which they received on this interesting occasion were an elegant pitcher and salver of silver, given to Mr. May by the proprietors of the Salisbury Mills, of which corporation he has long been the President.

TWENTY-SIXTH NATIONAL ANTI-SLAVERY SUBSCRIPTION-ANNIVERSARY,

IN THE MONTH OF JANUARY NEXT, IN BOSTON, 1860.

IN a year when Americans find themselves citizens of a country where the African slave trade is going on, and slave-hunting unforbidden, and sheltering the fugitive indicted as a crime, and the leading religious and political influences so dead to this public shame as to discountenance legislative reform, we are confident that we have only to open our subscription in order to be becomingly and effectually sustained by the awakening virtue of the people, in the enterprise to which our lives are given.

We entreat, then, all the friends of Liberty, and the foes of Slavery, everywhere, in the South as at the North—in Europe as in America—philosophers as well as Christians, Catholics no less than Protestants, to subscribe to a fund and a mode of expenditure which prepares the way before every sect, every party, every association; which makes all other men's anti-slavery labor light, and which has, for six and twenty years, been laying the foundations of many generations, so as to exclude slavery from American institutions, and secure to posterity those blessings of liberty which the last generation passed away without enjoying.

THE UNDERSIGNED, while asking the favor of their subscribers' company, on their customary Anniversary occasion, are impelled by the goodness and the grandeur of the enterprise, by its indispensable necessity, by the universal and fundamental character of its principles, to entreat also the assistance of *all*. The crisis in the nation's life makes the occasion—one which it will be worth crossing the ocean to participate in. And while thanking our European friends for their generous coöperation of last year with America, we ask its continuance yet a little longer, till a spirit of devotedness adequate to this great world-enterprise shall have been here awakened.

From this day forward through the year we begin to arrange our plans, organize our efforts, and economize our means, greater or smaller as the case may be, to meet this great national claim: and we desire all who would see slavery abolished, and truth, honor, peace, liberty and safety in righteousness restored, to meet us at its close, for cheer, counsel, sacrifice, resolve and generous coöperation.

MARIA WESTON CHAPMAN,	LYDIA D. PARKER,
MARY MAY,	ELIZA F. EDDY,
LOUISA LORING,	ABBY FRANCIS,
ELIZA LEE FOLLEN,	SARAH RUSSELL MAY,
L. MARIA CHILD,	ABBY KELLEY FOSTER,
HENRIETTA SARGENT,	SARAH H. SOUTHWICK,
ANNE WARREN WESTON,	EVELINA A. S. SMITH,
MARY GRAY CHAPMAN,	ANN REBECCA BRAMHALL,
HELEN ELIZA GARRISON,	AUGUSTA G. KING,
SARAH SHAW RUSSELL,	ELIZABETH VON ARNIM,
FRANCES MARY ROBBINS,	ANNA SHAW GREENE,
CAROLINE WESTON,	ELIZA APTHORP,
MARY WILLEY,	ANNE LANGDON ALGER,
SARAH BLAKE SHAW,	MARY ELIZABETH SARGENT,
SUSAN C. CABOT,	MATTIE GRIFFITH,
SARAH P. REMOND,	ELIZA ANDREW.

☞ Editors of journals friendly to the cause are, for its sake, earnestly entreated to oblige us by giving the above invitation an insertion; and our friends everywhere will confer the greatest favor on us, and a benefit to the cause and the country, by bringing it to the notice of the friends of Freedom.

"AMBROSE" will agree with us, we are sure, after reading our present issue, in thinking that the publication of his article may be waived without injury to the cause. We do not like to print what he has written upon the condition named in his letter; and indeed we think that all anonymous discussion of the subject of his communication had better, for the present at least, be avoided.

"THE WOMAN QUESTION" will be the subject of a discourse by the Rev. Mr. Holland, Pastor of the Christian congregation worshipping at Clinton Hall, Astor Place, on Sunday (to-morrow) morning. Mr. Holland is apt to speak wisely and strongly upon whatever subject he chooses to discuss.

DR. DOY, who was kidnapped some months since in Kansas, and taken to Missouri, where he was lately tried and convicted upon a false charge of carrying off slaves, was rescued from the jail at St. Joseph on Sunday last. The Border Ruffians were in a great excitement when the escape became known. A pursuit was attempted, but without success.

DR. CHEEVER is to be the orator of the day at the celebration of the First of August at Geneva. Frederick Douglass will preside on the occasion, and deliver an introductory address. The public exercises to be held in the Park, and followed by a public dinner at one of the hotels, and an excursion on Seneca Lake. A great multitude will, no doubt, be present.

A MISTAKE.—The beautiful poem, "The Morning Glory," which we published last week, should not have been credited to JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL, but to MARIA LOWELL, his late wife.

Summary.

Blondin is recommended to try an excursion over the deep and broad gulf that will separate the two sides of the Charleston Convention when it meets. We suppose he can use Mason & Dixon's Line.

The Detroit *Advertiser* says that the slaves run off by old John Brown, of Kansas, and who arrived at Windsor, C. W., early in the spring, are all doing well.

Burglars paid a visit to the office of Gerrit Smith, at Peterboro', one night last week. They broke in the door, blew open an iron safe with gunpowder, and carried off about $100 in money.

Mr. Church's new picture, "The Heart of the Andes," has been exhibited in private to the Queen and royal family of England, and subsequently exhibited to the public. The various art critics and connoisseurs of London award the highest praise to the work.

The following announcement is made among the "Married" in Monrovia: "By the Rev. John Seys, Kabendah, alias James Buchanan, to Kandah, alias Ann Liberia Jeffs, both liberated Africans of the company by the United States steamship Niagara.

Mr. Eustis, of Louisiana, in stating his reasons for giving his adhesion to the Democratic party, utters the following bit of obvious truth: "Whatever errors the Democratic party may have committed—and it undoubtedly has many to answer for—whatever inconsistencies it may have fallen into, we must bear in mind that Southern men have ruled supreme in its councils, and have held its destinies in their hands."

The Bobolink sings at the North in a black and white livery; but going South changes his coat and his note, and, like many another Northern-bred black coat, drops into good living, and grows fat in the rice swamps and forgets to use his voice, except to call for more food or raising an alarm cry when there is some danger of losing what he has got.—*H. W. Beecher.*

The room of Chief-Justice John Pettit, of Kansas, at the hotel in Hiawatha, where he stopped in the course of a circuit, is said to have contained the following judicial documents:

"One keg of brandy, four revolvers, four bowie-knives, three flasks of whiskey and a quantity of cigars and tobacco."

When the Judge started away, he took all these articles with him in his buggy. The Chief Justice is said to be much given to the use of profane language.

A RELIGIOUS ANTI-SLAVERY MOVEMENT.—A circular has been published in the Cleveland *Herald*, July 19, addressed "To Anti-Slavery Christians throughout the State," and signed by a number of the clergy and laity of Cleveland and vicinity, calling for a meeting at Columbus, Ohio, August 10 and 11, to pray, deliberate and give a public expression against slavery. This proposed Convention has been suggested chiefly by the revival of the slave trade.

POLITICS VS. RELIGION.—The Rev. Jeremiah Shindel, who is at present a member of the State Senate from Northumberland County, holds at the same time a station as minister of the gospel, in the Lutheran Church. The Synod of his Church have notified him that he must either quit politics or the pulpit. The reverend gentleman is a Democrat of considerable influence in his district, and has concluded to abandon the gospel for the dirty pool of politics. To this end he has given notice that he will vacate his pulpit, as soon as the congregation selects his successor.—*Del. Co. (Pa.) Republican.*

A SOUTHERN NABOB.—Col. J. A. S. Ackin, of Mississippi, is about erecting a private residence at his plantation, opposite Red River Landing, which is designed to cost $150,000—$125,000 more for the furniture and furnishing. The following is the plan of this immense edifice: The style of the edifice is castellated Gothic, with a frontage on the river of 164 feet, on the two sides wings of 104 feet, and a centre compartment of 220 feet deep, surmounted by a lofty and beautifully-proportioned tower. The building will contain 50 rooms, exclusive of closets, bath-rooms, wardrobes, &c., spacious and amply provided with the modern improvements in comfort and elegance. All the walls of the building are to be double, with the passages inside.

SUBSTITUTE FOR IMPRISONMENT.—A correspondent of the Cincinnati *Commercial* writes from Jefferson County, Texas:

"This is not a county seat, but it is necessary to have some place of confinement for criminals; and as a substitute for a jail the people have provided a large stone, weighing over three tons, placed in the public square, with a large iron ring and long iron chain fastened to it; and when a poor fellow commits a crime, and the sentence is imprisonment, he is fastened to this chain by the ankle, and there remains night and day; but if his crime be light, and he had previously borne a good character, the judge in his mercy often allows him to carry an umbrella to protect him from the rain and storm."

A VENERABLE LADY AUTHOR.—The New York correspondent of the Philadelphia *Press*, speaking of a new novel, "Walter Thornley," just published by the Harpers, says:

"It is written by Mrs. Sedgwick, the mother of Theodore Sedgwick, Esq., a distinguished lawyer and public man of this city. Mrs. Sedgwick is seventy years old, but as fresh and vigorous in her intellect as she was at thirty. I was shown her manuscript this morning, at Harpers, and I speak without romancing when I pronounce it the most faultlessly elegant specimen of caligraphy I ever beheld—the letters as clearly and perfectly formed as if they had been cut by the hand of an engraver."

COBDEN ON THE POLITICAL PARTIES.—Richard Cobden, the distinguished British politician, is said to have used the following language in this city:

"There is a marked difference between your two parties in this country. A Democrat swaggers in as if the government belonged to him; a Republican, on the contrary, hesitates, doubts, and acts as if a victory were too good for him. The one utters, fearlessly, the most atrocious sentiments, as if they were a merit; the other apologizes for the expression of the most striking truths. Your Republican party lacks *pluck*."

There is much truth in these remarks.—*Cincinnati Commercial.*

MONUMENT TO FREEMAN HUNT.—There has been recently erected in the ancient burial-place of Quincy, Massachusetts, agreeably to his last request, near the graves of his mother and sister, a plain and massive monument of the "poor boy of Quincy," whose name, in connection with that of his *Merchants' Magazine* is known throughout the civilized world. The monument is about sixteen feet high, of finely wrought Quincy granite—simple in form—a shaft or obelisk standing on a gracefully curved base, which is ornamented with deep grooves. The inscription,

FREEMAN HUNT,
BORN IN QUINCY,
March 21, 1804,
Died in BROOKLYN, N. Y.,
March 2, 1858.

is cut in raised letters in front.—*Evening Post.*

The Cincinnati *Enquirer* says: "As Nicholas Longworth, Esq., was sitting on the steps of a drinking-house on Third street, with his hat between his knees, waiting for a friend, a gentleman, a stranger, passed, and, seeing 'Old Nick's' ordinary garb and rather troubled countenance, supposed him to be one of the professional mendicants that often congregate there, and, as he went by, dropped a quarter into the hat. 'Old Nick' perceived the mistake too late to rectify it, and pocketed the coin with a peculiar smile. The idea of mistaking the Cincinnati Crœsus—one of the richest men in America, worth probably from $5 000 000 to $6 000 000—for a street beggar is rather droll, though not unnatural, as any one to look at the old gentleman and his extremely shabby dress would not suppose his available means at the outside more than fifty cents."

NEGRO CONSPIRACY IN VIRGINIA.—A negro woman belonging to Mr. M. J. Nixon, of Harrison County, Virginia, says the Clarksburgh *Register*, gave information, on Wednesday last, July 13th, that there was a combination among the negroes of the neighborhood of Shinnstown for the purpose of running off, and defending themselves in so doing. She states that some of the negroes about Clarksburgh are engaged with them; that they are well supplied with fire-arms, &c. Ten of the negroes suspected were arrested on Wednesday, and are now in jail. She further states that these negroes are supplied with poison, which was distributed among them at a convention of them held at Shinnstown not long since, and their intention was to poison their masters' families. The matter will, we presume, be judicially investigated. There were about sixteen negroes implicated in the affair.

CONVERTED TO SPIRITUALISM.—The Boston *Courier* announces editorially, without contradiction, the fact of the circulation of a report that Prof. Felton of Harvard College, distinguished for his Greek scholarship and his controversial ability as a writer against Spiritualism, has become a believer in that doctrine, if not a medium—'having found, in the course of his researches, that the evidence was irresistible.' As *The Courier* is supposed to know something of Prof. Felton's opinions—that paper having been the channel through which, during the last year or more, the able Professor has spoken out in thunder tones, editorially, against Spiritualism—this uncontradicted announcement by that journal is rather remarkable than otherwise. Prof. Felton's previous investigations of this subject had been understood to have been very full, and they led him to oppose it as he did. The Springfield *Republican*, another rather violent opposer of that doctrine, seems also to have changed its opinion in the same way as the Harvard Professor.—*Boston Transcript.*

SMOKING A CAUSE OF INSANITY.—The terrible ravages which tobacco is making on the bodies and minds of the young seems to be attracting the attention of medical men in various parts of the world. In a pamphlet just issued by Dr Seymour of London, on private Lunatic Asylums, and the cause of insanity of late years, the Doctor denounces with emphasis as one of the producing causes the immoderate smoking indulged in by boys and young men at universities and "larger schools, now called colleges." The Doctor's remarks are as applicable to the youths of this country as those of Europe. No one conversant with disease can doubt that *excessive* smoking, especially in the case of young people, must be highly injurious to both mind and body. Its effect is to depress the circulation—the heart becomes weak, irregular in its action, and the pulse is scarcely to be felt. The victim becomes irresolute and nervous, his appetite fails, and his mind fills with imaginary evils. This may continue for years, but at length the smoker dies, often suddenly; then the examination has shown that the muscular structure of the heart is imperfect in its action; the left side is thin, and in some cases, in which sudden death has occurred, there has been found little more than a strip of muscular fibre left on that side.—*N. Y. Waverley.*

THE OHIO BLACK LAW UNCONSTITUTIONAL.—The Court of Common Pleas of Cuyahoga County, through Judge Foote, this morning, delivered an important decision. At the last election Freeman H. Morris, tailor, of this city, and having about one-fourth negro blood in his veins, presented himself at the First Ward voting place, and was barred from voting on account of his negro blood. Action was brought against the Judges of Election, Sanborn, Christian and Garrett, for illegally rejecting the vote. They pleaded in defence the recent action of the Legislature respecting the vote of every person having any negro blood in his veins. The case was made up and submitted to the Court. This morning Judge Foote declared for the plaintiff, declaring the "Black Law" to be unconstitutional. The Court held that under the old Constitution of Ohio, all persons having more than half white blood were declared to be legally white. The new Constitution merely mentioned "white persons," without defining what constituted a white person; consequently the definition of a white person contained in the old Constitution remained in force, and any law declaring a person having more than half white blood to be a negro must of necessity be unconstitutional.—*Cleveland Herald, July 14.*

THE SOUTHERN AID SOCIETY.—We understand that the object of the Southern Aid Society is to send ministers to preach the gospel to the slaves and to the poor white people in the Southern States. The object is, undoubtedly, a very worthy one; but it seems to us that the obligation rests rather upon the South than upon the North. We certainly ought not to class any State of the Union, nor would they consent to be classed, with heathen countries, or with countries too poor to support the institutions of religion. The South has been raising cotton at a great profit, while we have been spinning it at a loss. It would be more natural and appropriate for the South to send us missionaries for the destitute and ignorant, in our over-crowded cities, than for us to send them to the South; and we should think that the wealthy planters and merchants of that section might resent such charity as an imputation upon their ability or their disposition to provide for the spiritual wants of their own neighborhoods. We would not discourage contributions for the advancement of any work of religion; but we do not understand why of two parts of an equally civilized and Christianized country the poorer should send money to the richer.—*Providence Journal.*

WORSE TYRANNY THAN ANY IN AUSTRIA.—In the 14th volume of Grattan's R., p. 132, just issued, I find the case of Baily et al. *vs.* Poindexter et al. Mr. Poindexter, being the owner of a number of slaves, by his will gave the use of them to his widow during her life, and after her death they were to be free, *at their election*, if they preferred freedom to a public sale at auction. The Court, upon full argument extending over some eighty pages, decided that the clause of emancipation at the election of the slaves was an utter nullity and void, and that the heirs might still hold them in bondage, assigning as a reason for this that a slave has not, in the eye of the law, *any legal situs* or power of choice whatever, and therefore that these slaves cannot perform the condition specified in Mr. Poindexter's will; *i. e.*, elect to be free.

The learned Court say (and there are but few more learned, or whose decisions, on general subjects, I am more accustomed to respect) that this total incapacity of the slave is the *necessary* consequence of the system of slavery as understood and practised in the slave States; and further, that this feature of the law cannot be abandoned or relaxed without endangering the entire institution itself. They insist "the slave has no civil or social rights"; that he can enter into no form of agreement for his emancipation, and is without remedy for the breach of any such agreement, if any be made and broken; and hence he can exercise no election for manumission; and further, that his master cannot by any possibility clothe him with such a power, for the slave has no *legal situs*, no attribute of a man under law, no power, no choice or right; that though "he may elect to go into slavery, he cannot elect to go out of it"—that Chief-Justice Taney is correct in holding that a slave has no right which a white man is bound to regard, and that "all the powers and faculties of the slave are absolutely under the control of the master"!!—*Hartford Courant.*

THE NEWLY-IMPORTED AFRICANS.—*Artesian Spring, Miss., June 8 1859.*—Not knowing how you are upon the Slavery question, pro or con, but believing your columns are open to truth, I would say that I have this morning returned from a visit to Mr. Smith's plantation near Canton, Mississippi. He has sixteen of the real, bona fide Africans—all young and likely. They look like our negroes—work well—plant corn—hoe cotton, &c. Two of them can do as much work as an American negro; and Pompey, one more intelligent than the rest, can do as much now as an ordinary field hand. They are learning to speak our language. Pompey converses very well. They are not wild, but, on the contrary, very docile and good servants.

They have been in America some four or five months. They have the brands and marks of the tribes from which they came. Their front teeth are filed, and, when they laugh, present a novel appearance. They have model feet. The prettiest-shaped foot I have ever seen is that of a boy some 18 or 19 years old. He is perfectly black, and nigger to the backbone, but with beautiful feet and hands. They are contented; and when one is whipped, the others laugh.

One of them, with a peculiar shaped head, is the subject of ridicule by the others. They say his mother spoiled it by patting him on the head when a baby.

They have a perfect horror of going back where they came from—to Africa. On being questioned as to where they are from, &c., they say from Arkansas; others from Georgia, &c.

Mr. Smith has been offered $16,000 for the lot, and refused. He expects, next year, to make as much with these sixteen "wild" Africans as any other planter in the county with sixteen "tame" ones. I say this for the benefit of those on Old Caney and other portions of your State, who are paying $1,500 for negroes from Virginia, when these can be bought for $500 and less.

Not only, then, are we more profitably paid by the labor of the African than the Virginia slave, but when we buy an African we are propagating and extending an institution which is the basis of our Southern prosperity. Narrow the base, and the building falls with the first blast; broaden it, and it defies the tempest.—*Cor. Galveston (Texas) News.*

SLAVERY IN EASTERN VIRGINIA.—The *Wheeling (Va.) Intelligencer* has the following article in relation to slave labor:

"The present great and pressing want of our State, like that of the United States, is cultivation and improvement, not enlargement or annexation, and the obvious and only mode of a rapid growth of our State or city is such a change of public policy as shall invite to our aid and co-operation our Caucasian cousins, the intelligent, moral and industrious artisans, mechanics, miners, manufacturers, farmers and commercial men of Europe and the Northern States, to share our taxation, develop our resources, and make ours a white man's country, with all the energy, education, love of order, of freedom, and of progress, characteristic of the Anglo-Saxon race. The history of the world, and especially of the States of this Union, shows most conclusively that public prosperity bears an almost mathematical proportion to the degree of freedom enjoyed by all the inhabitants of the State. Men will always work better for the cash than for the lash. The free laborer will produce and save as much, and consume and waste as little, as he can. The slave, on the contrary, will produce and save as little, and consume and waste as much, as possible. Hence States and counties filled with the former class must necessarily flourish and increase in population, arts, manufactures, wealth and education, because they are animated and incited by all the vigor of the will; while States filled with the latter class must exhibit comparative stagnation, because it is the universal law of nature that force and fear end in ruin and decay. We have an instructive example of the one class in the activity, enterprise, prosperity and intelligence of New-England; and of the other in the pitiable condition of South Carolina, that, by neglecting the enlightened teachings of her noble Marions, and following her Butlers, her Brookses, her Keitts and Quattlebums in the race of nullification, aristocracy and Africanization, is rapidly sinking into agricultural sterility, bloated egotism and brutal barbarism, until she has most significantly adopted a cane for her emblem, which equally and strikingly typifies not only her military resources, but that imbecility and decrepitude which, without something to lean upon, must eventually fall into speedy death and dissolution."

DIED.

WOODWARD.—At his residence, in Kennet Square, Pa., on the 15th inst., Thomas Woodward, in the 76th year of his age.

HAMBLETON.—In West Chester, on the 13th inst., after a short illness from measles, Bell Hambleton, daughter of Thomas and Alice Hambleton, of Upper Oxford, Chester County, Pa., aged 22 years. The deceased had been engaged as a teacher in the West Chester Public School, and was a woman of many accomplishments and lovely traits of character.

Special Notices.

☞ ANNIVERSARY OF WEST INDIA EMANCIPATION!—The usual "First of August" Celebration will be observed, this year, on SATURDAY, July 30th, in the beautiful ISLAND GROVE, at NORTH ABINGTON.

The liberation of EIGHT HUNDRED THOUSAND slaves by the government under which they were held is an act of disinterested philanthropy, as uncommon in human legislation as it is full of righteous rebuke and touching appeal to this slave-holding Republic.

Let the friends of Immediate and Unconditional Emancipation gather from every quarter, to bear anew their testimony against a Government deaf to the cry of the victims of its relentless tyranny, and a Church by whose remorseless consent and complicity these millions of the Israel of God are held in chains; to re-dedicate their "lives and fortunes" to the redemption of "the suffering and the dumb" of our land, and hasten the day when they, too, shall be brought forth from the ineffable misery of bondage, to be compassed about with the songs of deliverance.

WM. LLOYD GARRISON, WENDELL PHILLIPS, EDMUND QUINCY, Rev. U. M. FISK, of Taunton, J. FRANK BAILEY, late of Brown University, WM. WELLS BROWN, SAMUEL MAY, Jr., ANDREW T. FOSS, CHAS. LENOX REMOND, HENRY C. WRIGHT, and other speakers, are confidently expected to be present.

The following gentlemen have been appointed a Committee of Arrangements: FRANCIS JACKSON, WM. LLOYD GARRISON, THOMAS J. HUNT, ELBRIDGE SPRAGUE, PHILANDER SHAW, SAMUEL DYER, E. H. HEYWOOD.

☞ The Old Colony Railroad Company will convey passengers, on that day, to and from the Grove, as follows:

Leave Boston at 9 a. m., Plymouth at 9.20 a. m., stopping at usual way stations.

Fares, as follows:

Boston, Savin Hill, Dorchester, Port Norfolk and Quincy, to the Grove and back, 50 cents for adults, twenty-five cents for children.

Plymouth, and all way stations not already named, to the Grove and back, at half the usual fare.

☞ Excursion Tickets will be good on other trains that day; but such trains will not stop at the Grove, but at Centre Abington station, near by.

RETURNING—Leave the Grove at 5¼ p. m.

Ample preparations at the Grove for Refreshments and Recreation.

☞ In case of rain, the meeting will be held in the Town Hall, contiguous to the Grove.

In behalf of the Managers of the Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Society, FRANCIS JACKSON, President.
ROBERT F. WALLCUT, Secretary.

☞ FIRST OF AUGUST!—The anniversary of the Emancipation of eight hundred thousand slaves in the British West Indies will be celebrated by a public mass meeting of the friends of universal freedom, to be held in the spacious Town Hall in MILFORD, Mass., on Monday, August 1, commencing at 10 o'clock, A. M.

To this annual gathering, all those who have hearts to "rejoice with those who do rejoice" in the possession of the priceless boon of liberty, and to "weep with those who weep" under the crushing weight of slavery—who would do something to "undo the heavy burdens, and let the oppressed go free"—are most earnestly invited. Come one, come all!

Among the speakers who are expected to address the meeting are A. T. FOSS, HENRY C. WRIGHT, ADIN BALLOU, WM. S. HAYWOOD and GEO. W. STACY.

Per order of the Committee of Arrangements,
WM. S. HAYWOOD, Chairman.
Hopedale (Milford, Mass.), July 19, 1859.

☞ A CALL FOR A CONVENTION OF THE COLORED CITIZENS OF THE NEW ENGLAND STATES.—Fellow-Citizens: We issue this call to invite you to attend a Convention to be held in the city of Boston, commencing at 10 o'clock, on Monday, the 1st day of August, 1859.

The primary object we have in view is to take into consideration the Moral, Social and Political elevation of those with whom we are indentified, by complexion and condition, in the New England and other States.

In all except five of the Eastern States the colored citizens are deprived of the privilege of voting on equal terms with the whites.

Free suffrage is the basis of a free government, the safeguard of a free people, the strength of the strong, the defence of the weak, a powerful auxiliary to respectability, wealth and usefulness; and just in proportion as men are deprived of this, they are shorn of their strength, and are subject to poverty, disgrace and abuse.

We are convinced, fellow-citizens, that not only our political, but our depressed condition in all other respects, in the Free States, is owing in a great degree to the fact that we are politically weak, not possessing the unrestricted use of the elective franchise. The national body politic see in us nothing to fear, and no favors to court.

We therefore urge upon colored men, in all sections of New England, to evince their self-respect and love of freedom, a desire to promote their moral, social and political elevation, by assembling at the above time—a day consecrated by the desire and successful example of Great Britain emancipating 800 000 men, women and children, in her West India colonies, and hence eminently suggestive to us to strive in securing equality to the half free colored citizens of the Northern States, and thus hasten the day of full emancipation to the millions yet groaning in the Southern prison-house of our country.

We cordially invite our brethren from New York, Pennsylvania, Ohio, and the far West, to meet with us, that the cause of our several grievances may be discussed, and the remedy sought.

With the exception of Connecticut, the New England States have magnanimously acknowledged our political rights, and great progress has been made in our moral and social elevation within the past twenty-five years. But let us, fellow-citizens, extend the words of encouragement to our brethren struggling in other States, until the rights of colored Americans shall be granted and respected everywhere.

This call issued by authority of a public meeting held at Bethel Church, Boston, Tuesday, May 3, 1859.

Committee.

WILLIAM WELLS BROWN,	JEREMIAH HALVEY,
LEWIS HAYDEN,	JOHN J. SMITH,
WILLIAM C. NELL,	NELSON L. PERKINS,
HENRY WEEDEN.	

MARK R. DEMORTIE, GEORGE L. RUFFIN, } *Secretaries.*

☞ GRAND CELEBRATION IN POUGHKEEPSIE.—The friends of Freedom will celebrate in POUGHKEEPSIE on MONDAY, August 1st, 1859, the 25th Anniversary of West Indian Emancipation.

Ample arrangements have been made for the accommodation of all who may attend.

The Committee of Arrangements feel warranted in saying, that this will be the largest and happiest celebration of this Anniversary ever held in this country.

WM. J. WATKINS, Esq., of Rochester, will deliver the Oration, and other eminent Speakers are expected to be present.

Committee of Arrangements.

Rev. W. H. Decker,	J. H. Jaycox,
C. Jaycox,	L. Dubois,
J. A. M. Bolding,	C. E. Vermong,
J. P. Lee,	J. C. Rhodes,
Isaac Calder,	J. E. Dubois.

☞ A stated meeting of the Junior Anti-Slavery Society will be held at Clarkson Hall, on Tuesday evening, August 2d, at 8 o'clock. ANNA C. DAVIS Secretary.

FEDERAL TYRANNY!

Thirty-seven Men, Lawyers, Doctors, Ministers, Legislators and Men of Business arrested and dragged to a Felon's Prison; their only offence being a compliance with those divine injunctions, "Feed the hungry and clothe the naked," and "As ye would that others should do to you do ye even so to them."

WE HAVE IN PRESS,
And shall publish about the 20th of July,
A COMPLETE HISTORY
OF THE
OBERLIN-WELLINGTON RESCUE,

and the cruel persecution of the noble men who chose to obey God rather than man. A most infamous chapter in American History, which succeeding generations will wish to have expunged. This volume comprises a full account of the rescue, arrests, incarceration and trials.

READ IT, AMERICANS,

and MOURN over your country's degradation; scatter it broadcast over the land, that a SLAVOCRATIC NATION may see the depth of depravity and wickedness into which it has fallen, and arouse, repent and reform.

We want 1,000 active, whole-souled Agents to sell this book. Price 50 cents, $4 50 per dozen and $33 per 100 in paper covers, and 75 cents bound in cloth.

JOHN P. JEWETT, & CO.,
PUBLISHERS,
20 Washington street, Boston.

WANTED, a situation for a Colored Boy, 12 years old. He can be well recommended; he is well schooled in house work, having lived in a white family for the last 3 years. His guardian has no use for him, and wishes to get a place for him in the country, where he will be properly cared for and where there are no children about his age. Apply at the Anti Slavery Office, Philadelphia.

PROGRESSIVE FRIENDS — Proceedings of the Pennsylvania Yearly Meeting for 1859 for sale at the Anti-Slavery Offices in New York, Philadelphia and Boston. Price 15 cents. Persons sending 6 3ct. stamps to Oliver Johnson, 5 Beekman street, New York, will receive a copy post-paid.

Miscellaneous Department.

IN REMEMBRANCE OF JOSEPH STURGE.

1859.

In that fair land o'erwatched by Ischia's mountains,
Across the charmèd bay
Whose blue waves keep with Capri's silver fountains
Perpetual holiday,

A king lies dead, his wafer duly eaten,
His gold-bought masses given;
And Rome's great altar smokes with gums to sweeten
A name that stinks to Heaven.

And, while all Naples thrills with mute thanksgiving,
The court of England's queen
For the dead monster so abhorred while living
In mourning garb is seen.

With a true sorrow God rebukes that feigning:
By lone Edgbaston's side
Stands a great city in the sky's sad raining,
Bare-headed and wet-eyed!

Silent, for once, the restless hive of labor,
Save the low funeral tread,
Or voice of craftsman whispering to his neighbor
The good deeds of the dead.

For him no minster's chant of the immortals
Rose from the lips of sin;
No mitred priest swung back the heavenly portals
To let the white soul in.

But, Age and Sickness framed their tearful faces
In the low hovel's door,
And prayers went up from all the dark by-places
And Ghettos of the poor.

The pallid toiler, and the negro chattel,
The vagrant of the street,
The human dice wherewith in games of battle
The lords of earth compete,

Touched with a grief that needs no outward draping,
All swelled the long lament,
Of grateful hearts, instead of marble, shaping
His viewless monument!

For never yet, with ritual pomp and splendor,
In the long heretofore,
A heart more loyal, warm and true and tender
Has England's turf closed o'er.

And, if there fell from out her grand old steeples
No crash of brazen wail,
The murmurous woe of kindreds, tongues and peoples
Swept in on every gale.

It came from Holstein's birchen-belted meadows,
And from the tropic calms
Of Indian islands in the sun-smit shadows
Of Occidental palms;

From the locked roadsteads of the Bothnian peasants
And harbors of the Finn,
Where war's worn victims saw his gentle presence
Come sailing, Christ-like, in,

To seek the lost, to build the old waste-places,
To link the hostile shores
Of severing seas, and sow with England's daisies
The moss of Finland's moors!

Thanks for the good man's beautiful example,
Who in the vilest saw
Some sacred crypt or altar of a temple
Still vocal with God's law;

And heard, with tender ear, the spirit sighing
As from its prison cell,
Praying for pity, like the mournful crying
Of Jonah out of hell.

Not his the golden pen's or lip's persuasion,
But a fine sense of right,
And truth's directness meeting each occasion
Straight as a line of light.

His faith and works, like streams that intermingle,
In the same channel ran;
The crystal clearness of an eye kept single
Shamed all the frauds of man.

The very gentlest of all human natures
He joined to courage strong,
And love outreaching unto all God's creatures
With sturdy hate of wrong.

Tender as woman; manliness and meekness
In him were so allied
That they who judged him by his strength or weakness
Saw but a single side.

Men failed, betrayed him; but his zeal seemed nourished
By failure and by fall;
Still a large faith in human kind he cherished
And in God's love for all.

And now he rests: his greatness and his sweetness
No more shall seem at strife,
And death has moulded into calm completeness
The statue of his life.

Where the dews glisten and the song-birds warble
His dust to dust is laid,
In Nature's keeping, with no pomp of marble
To shame his modest shade.

The forges glow, the hammers all are ringing;
Beneath its smoky veil,
Hard by, the city of his love is swinging
Its clamorous iron flail.

But round his grave are quietude and beauty,
And the sweet heaven above—
The fitting symbol of a life of duty
Transfigured into love!

—*Independent.* J. G. W.

FOR THE ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD.

MADGE VERTNER.

BY MATTIE GRIFFITH.

CHAP. I.

All travellers who passed Col. Vertner's place were struck by its remarkable beauty and neatness. It was scarcely large enough to be styled a plantation, and altogether too respectable for a farm; so they compromised the matter, and called it The Place. It consisted of about four hundred acres of flat, low land, in the swampy, tobacco-producing part of Kentucky. Everything about it bore the mark of thorough care and labor. Unlike its neighbors, it had no broken gates or loose fences; perfect order and exact neatness were strictly observed. All the out-buildings, cow-houses, stables, etc., were in scrupulously neat style.

The Colonel being something of a jockey, his horses were cared for as though they were members of his family. Each stall was numbered, and the troughs of white oak were washed and scrubbed until they bore a polish. Once a week, Col. Vertner inspected the stables, and woe to the ostlers if anything was discovered out of order. True, there was rarely an occasion for complaint, as the servants shared with their master in care for the stock. Once a year they sent up a representation to the Agricultural Fair, which was held at L——, and Col. Vertner's grays generally bore off the first prizes. To have lost the prize, or come off "second best," would have been little less than disgrace to Pompey and Jake, as we all know how strong is the feeling of competition with the negro.

If the out-buildings were in order, the mansion itself was a bijou of taste. A winding avenue, lined with stately elms, led up to a large white house, that seemed planted amid blossoming shrubs and wild creeper vines. Passing the piazza, we entered a wide, airy hall, at the end of which wound upward a spiral stairway. At the left, a door led into the parlor, a room pleasantly and tastefully fitted up. It was evident that an artistic eye and a tasteful hand had been at work here. You found nothing gorgeous or incongruous; no inharmonious combination of color, but a cool, low tone that soothed and subdued the eye. The carpet and chairs were green, harmonizing well with the fluttering white lace curtains and the rich old pictures that hung on the walls.

In a large arm-chair, near a side window, sits a lady of middle age, engaged with a book. Let us look at her, as she reads. The face seems a peculiar one; it is not strong, but every feature denotes precision; the eyebrow is as immobile as stone, and the small gray eye is resolute, though slow; the mouth small and tight; lips that may possibly part into a smile, but never break forth into a free laugh. She is just the person of whom you would never feel like asking a favor, for you are sure that there is no generous movement of life there, and we see that her pulse beats as regularly and slowly as the ticking of the old clock on the library mantel; the very folds of that brown silk skirt denote the minute precision of the wearer's character. If she is interested in that book, we only know it by the constant fixture of the eye upon the printed page, for there is no play of countenance, no change of color to show that she sympathizes with the author.

But over by the opposite window is an entirely different looking person. Madge Vertner was a wild, sprite-like girl of sixteen, tall and slight of figure, with light-waving brown hair, and large blue-gray eyes. Though the face was free, happy, and unwritten by care, an earnest observer might have detected a peculiar and sobered light that sometimes stole out from those usually full and happy eyes, betokening a mind and heart that only waited to be aroused to purpose and action. Watch her now, as she gracefully swings her little form out of that window, calling gleefully to her dog.

"Down, Rover, down; what, sir, do you try to leap in when I forbid you? down, I say, down this moment; here, catch my hat, bring it to me"; and away she tossed her straw flat, with its blue ribbons and gauzy veil fluttering in the wind. The dog started after it, and brought it back to his mistress. "Thank you, sir—now, that will do; I am tired of playing with you—go to your kennel. Here, Pomp, come take Rover off and put him to bed."

At this summons, a little black fellow, apparently about nine years old, emerged from the corner of the building. This boy was a peculiar looking child; as black as the ace of spades, with round, pop eyes that were kept in a perpetual roll. As he now bowed and grinned, he displayed a regular row of polished white teeth, that might have excited the envy of many a higher and better born lad.

"Laws, Miss Madge, Rover's not gwine to let me put him in the kennel jist yit. Why, him's wantin' to set up and bark at de moon for good whiles longer."

"How do you know, Pomp? I expect you have not been very particular in seeing to Rover lately, and so don't know his habits." Then, turning to the dog, she said, "What, poor fellow, does he love to sit up and look at the moon? So does his mistress. 'Like mistress, like dog.' Well, Pomp, leave him alone, for he whines now at the thought of being caged and housed up. There, away, Rover—away—and prowl about the lawn as much as you please. I shan't have you controlled. Be as free as you please. I never liked control."

Turning away from the window, she walked to a centre-table and began toying with a pile of uncut magazines.

"I wish I loved to read," she sighed forth; "it seems to me there must be a world of joy lying in these packed-up pages, yet I could never extract it; books are blunders to me—I am never in company with them. History is gloomy, and romance trite. I better like the woods, my pony and my dog. I always feel as if the earth had a soul—ay, and a tongue; but these books are speechless organs to me. Still, they must have voice and charm, for you, mother, have been reading steadily all day. Now, won't you tell me what that book is about?" And she flung herself gracefully upon a low ottoman at her mother's feet.

"Don't interrupt me, Madge," said the mother, "for I am at the most exciting part of this truly wonderful book." Mrs. Vertner said this without ever lifting her eyes from the page.

"Oh, but mother, you are wearing out your eyes; you might stop long enough to tell me about it; now do, dear;" and she passed her little white hand down the page. "Don't, child—don't; when I have finished it, you shall read it."

"Oh, no, mother, I could not read a book through, I haven't patience for it; but now I am tired, have been out in the woods all day, and, before I go to bed, I want you to talk awhile with me. Tell me of this book. See, 'tis too late for you to read without a lamp, and here in the moonlight let us sit, while you tell me of what you have been reading."

Madge laid her young head on her mother's lap, while the long brown curls fell back from the face and head, and the sweet moonlight shone softly over her. Mrs. Vertner laid aside the book, and looked down at the beautiful face of her daughter, as it laid there, baptized in a flood of moonlight. She smiled as she gazed, and, passing her fingers through those silken curls, said:

"I have been reading a very touching story, called 'Never too late to mend.'"

"'Never too late to mend?'" repeated Madge, slowly; "what a strange title!"

"Yes, it is strange, but I dare say the ingenious author intends it shall signify something."

"Well, tell me about it, mother—for the name puzzles me so."

"Well," replied the mother, it begins with a young girl whose lover is poor."

"Oh, mother, stop just here, please, for that is the way they all begin, and that's why I can't read your books. I don't understand or sympathize with these love affairs; they make me sleepy. You needn't talk any more about it; I'll just let my head lie here, and look up at the moon."

"The book also tells," continued Mrs. Vertner, "of a Mr. Eden, a kind, eccentric minister, who felt called upon to live in the prison and attend the convicts. He went there, and the troubles and sorrows which he witnessed are related with frightful accuracy. A poor man by the name of Robinson, who had been imprisoned on a charge of theft, went through the most terrible tortures; he so pined for the sunlight and the society of his fellow-prisoners that once, during the Sunday morning service, he (in violation of prison rules) spoke to one of the convicts, and was, in consequence, condemned to be locked up six hours in the dungeon. This so acted upon his nervous system and his imagination that, when taken out, he could scarcely walk; his limbs failed him, and he groped along the galleries and corridors of the prison, like a crawling child; the poor wretch trembled if you spoke to him; 'twas as if the nerves had been laid bare by the surgeon's knife, and quivered to the action of the air. He went into the dungeon, the 'black keep,' a man; he came out a dotard, a child. For days afterwards, he raved in the delirium of fever; then he told how he had once seen a poor boy tied up in the prison jacket, and dashed with cold water, until sense itself was lost; then, as a little child, he wandered back to the scenes of his early childhood, prattled of his mother, his sister and one other tenderer name—his Mary. During this time, when not utterly alone, he was watched over by brutal keepers, who laughed and derided these touching agonies; and when the doctor pronounced his fever broken, and recommended a liberal diet, the fiendish keeper, out of excess of brutality, diminished his usual rations, and so kept him weak and feeble. He even denied him the use of the infirmary beds, and the poor wretch, weak in body, broken in nerve, and as helpless as a three months' babe, was set to work upon a heavy crank. The picture which Mr. Reade draws of him, as he tried to work—for he was a ready and a willing hand—is pitiful. The wretch failed in his work for want of strength, and so was put into the jacket and showered—until he gasped away!"

"Oh, mother, where was Mr. Eden then? Didn't he remonstrate? Was nothing done, and the poor helpless wretch left to those fiends, to be murdered as they pleased?"

Madge had risen from her mother's lap, her hair was thrown away from the face, and those great solemn eyes were glaring in the moonlight. With lips white and parted, she leaned forward and drank in every word of that most wonderful story; then, clutching Mrs. Vertner's dress with her quivering hands, she cried out—

"Oh, tell me more of this, for, though it cuts my heart like a blade, I must hear it"; and then, giving way to her feelings, she laid her head again upon her mother's lap and sobbed as a babe.

"Why, Madge, dear," said Mrs. Vertner, "a moment ago you called the story stupid, and asked me not to tell you of it. Now you are crying over one of the most naked facts of the book. I have stripped it of its marvellous beauty. You ought to read it as the author tells it, not take my lifeless account."

"But, mother, do you think it is true? Had he facts upon which to go, or is it merely what Mr. —— (what's the author's name?) imagined?"

"Mr. Reade wrote the book, and I think, dear, he must have had a groundwork of fact; you feel that in reading it. I dare say there is great mismanagement in the prisons, and a great deal of cruelty allowed; 'tis horrible to think of; I shan't recover from the effects of this book for weeks."

"Why, mother!" exclaimed Madge, lifting up her head, "if it indeed be true, we should never recover from the effects of it until the evil be removed."

"But, child, it is the English prison system he has attacked. I don't know that we are so bad in America."

"But are not the English people human beings? and if there is wrong done there, and human suffering follows, are we not bound to speak, to testify against it? It is the human race that we vindicate, not simply our townsmen, countrymen, and family, whom we should protect. Shouldn't we speak against wrong wherever and whenever we see it?"

"Why, I suppose so, Madge; but don't be so impetuous, so terribly in earnest; it may be only true in part. Charles Reade is a great writer, and a simple fact, when worked upon by his magic pen, may assume all the strong effects of tragedy. It is not worth while, at any rate, to fire up so, child; we can do nothing. Only see how wildly your eyes flash, and you tremble like a leaf! Calm yourself, and to-morrow read the book. I shall be glad if this 'Never too late to mend' introduces you to books; take it, read it; and if you like it, I shall get you all of Reade's books."

Shortly after this, Madge went to her room, but her thoughts were still in that prison, of which her mother had told her. Her chamber was a little curiosity in its way. It had been fitted up by Madge herself. There was no carpet—she would not have one in her room—but the floor had been painted with odd, fantastic Indian figures, and the walls also represented various pictures of Indian warfare, and scenes from the lives of the pioneer settlers of her beloved State. There was a portrait of Boone, in his dress of wild skins, attended by his faithful dog, which her father had had copied from the original portrait which decorates the walls of the Capitol at Frankfort. There was also a portrait (perhaps executed from fancy) of that young eagle-eyed Kenton, whose wild, romantic history has given additional interest to the early Kentucky legends. A tomahawk, with a brace of silver-mounted pistols, hung on the mantel, while a true Kentucky rifle was suspended over the door; for Madge was a good markswoman, and loved the wild sports of forest-life. A small cabinet of shells stood in a corner opposite to a large stuffed reindeer, whose glass eyes seemed to watch and guard the quaintly furnished apartment. The only civilized things were the bed (which abounded in frills, laces and ruffles), a looking-glass, and a vase of fresh flowers; but it was remarkable that there was no book or writing-desk there.

Now, as Madge entered, the moonlight, gleaming through opposite windows, made everything seem weird and doubly quaint. She paused in the centre of the apartment, and glanced around her; then went to the window and looked out upon the moonlight as it quivered over the yard and the cabins. For the first time in her life, Madge was sad; the feeling was so new, so strange, that she could not call it unpleasant. She loitered only a moment at the window, when she thought of Robinson in the jail.

"Well, I must know more of him," she said, and, drawing the blinds, she lighted a little stained glass lamp and opened the first volume of the book. She tried to read the commencement, but could not appreciate the love-scenes; then laying it down, she said:

"I'll not read it—'twill tire me; mother will tell me about it to-morrow." She rose and began to prepare for sleep; but as her little fingers fumbled the pins and knots, her eyes kept wandering over towards the book, and, throwing a long white wrapper over her shoulders, she sighed out—

"It's no use—that story charms me, whether I will or no. I'll try it again."

This time she skipped several hundred pages, and began where the reader is introduced to ——— prison. Before she had gone over ten pages, her eyes began to start, her brows to knit, her lips to part, and great beads of perspiration to break out over her face. See how low she bends her head, how her eyes glue to the page and how thickly comes her breath!

So she read for hours; and, as she read, her frame seemed to swell and to glow. Thus a young, true soul for the first time took its life-lesson from the hand of a great master. This girl, who hitherto had only loved the free air, the woods, and field sports, and turned with infinite disgust from books, now sat the night through, poring over a touching story told by a true artist. Madge read on and on, or, rather, she did not read, she actually seemed to live in that prison, to suffer with Robinson and with Josephs. A tight cord bound her brow and a gathering chill crept over her flesh; the nerves were all at their utmost tension. This fine, healthy girl, who had never before known such feelings, was stepping into closer communion with her own sympathies; she was learning of the sorrows and troubles that so often darken human life. At length, feeling as if she could not read another word, almost maddened by it, she laid the book down and rested her head upon the table, when suddenly she heard a buz of whispering voices just below her window. She had never known fear, but now her nerves were in such a state of excitement that she could scarcely resist a scream. In a moment or so, however, she collected herself, listened again, and again heard the voices. She then extinguished her lamp and stole gently to the window, under which she heard whispers. Kneeling down there, she listened attentively.

"Now, Milly," said the voice of a negro man, "if we can only pass farmer Jones's place without the dogs betrayin' of us, we can soon git to the river and cross; thar we'll be met by friends; and after we's crossed, we is safe enuff. Only jist keep up yer sperits."

"But, Jack, I thinks we'd better wait till to-morrow night; I'm feard; s'pose we is found out, then 'twill be harder with us. Massa 'll sell us shure, to a trader."

"But we is not gwine to be found out, if you'll only keep up yer sperits. I am gwine to-night. I doesn't want to be a slave another day, and doesn't yer know that the other lot is awaitin' fur us? Now do come along—we can cross safe enuff at ———."

Then the voice died away, and Madge turned the "Venetian," and saw the two dusky figures moving slowly, cautiously away—now hiding behind a bush, now emerging, but always keeping as near in the shadow as possible.

"So, so, Jack and Milly are for running off, are they? Luckily I overheard them. I'll go instantly and rouse papa, and have the runaways caught; 'twas well that they came under my window to hold their council. But I'll defeat them—they'll be brought back in short time." As she turned to gather up a crimson dressing-gown, which hung upon a chair near her bed, her eye suddenly fell upon something that gleamed in the moonlight. She stopped, looking at it strangely; her bosom began to heave, and her eye to dilate; 'twas the open book, which she had been reading. How whitely it glistened! She bent forward toward it, her dressing-gown fell from her hand close at her feet, her eye gleamed! From that book she saw the figure of poor Josephs, with outstretched arms, calling to her for mercy. There was Robinson, too, supplicating for freedom. She saw the heavy-grated dungeon, she heard the cries of stricken souls, she saw the worn faces of those whom unjust power had made martyrs, and, pressing her hands to her eyes, she murmured inwardly—

"No, go and be free, poor wretches! I am no turnkey, no Hawes, to exult over your suffering. Robinson and Josephs speak to me through those two fugitives that I was about to arrest"; and, with this, she flung herself upon the bed and was soon sleeping soundly.

LETTER FROM REV. THEODORE PARKER.

[The following letter from Rev. Theodore Parker, now in Switzerland, was read at the annual pic nic lately given by Mr. Parker's Society.]

Montreux (Switzerland), June 25, 1859.

To all the Good People of the Twenty-eighth Congregational Society, in Pic-nic assembled: Young Men and Women, and Men and Women no longer young: Far off in body, let me salute you as face to face in spirit; so indeed we are, for I *feel* as near you as if my eye read your welcome and familiar faces and saw there what you have been doing the last five months. A year ago, when I told you of the great tall trees, near by, about as large as John P. Hale in circumference, who stood up before you as the unit of measure, I had a dim presentiment that I should not be with you bodily at your next annual meeting—for I then felt the approach of the evils which have so disturbed me since, and was long in recovering from the slight fatigues of that fatal day. But I did not then think that when you should again look at Wellington's Hill, 400 or 500 feet high, the *Pic du Midi*, 10,000 feet high, sheeted with snow, would seem as near to me. How little do we know what shall happen! that tall mountain—it passes for nothing in this Alpine family of giants—looks in at my window all day; and all night long it glitters white in the surrounding darkness; then blushes rosy red as morning comes up the sky. The snow shifts and varies on its top and sides from day to day; but never wholly disappears, 'tis said. I can throw a walnut from my chamber into the Lake of Geneva, whose blue-green waters are so fair all day. Handsome vineyards are all around me here—yet their crop is not so fair as our own Indian corn—the Pocahontas of the vegetable world, the great American Empress of the cereal grasses. The chateau Chillon is within 15 minutes' walk—built on a wall in the lake a few yards from the shore, where the water is 500 feet deep—*they say*. It is very old; there was a castle there, used as a prison in 830, and the present structure was put in its present shape in 1248.

A romantic little village, full of old houses, with its gray-stone church, is perched on the side of the mountain, one or two hundred feet above my head. Most picturesque are the pleasant places where the lines of my present lot have fallen to me. So good comes out of evil!

The people here seem contented and happy, and look intelligent and virtuous; they work less than we, *save more, and enjoy more.* The country is rich, not by nature, but by the toil of many generations. For while in New England our last cultivation of the soil is not 240 years old, here you can count the triumphs of industry by thousands of years. I think the vine was cultivated here before the time of Julius Cæsar! not to speak of corn and other needful things which human toil wooed out of this sunny land perhaps 3,000 or 4,000 years ago. The soil is poorer than what you stand on, and even stony too; the slopes are steeper than the most abrupt descents about me. But labor conquers all; the steep mountain sides are notched into terraces, whose sides are protected by the stones which once cumbered the ground; the shores are lined with stone to withstand the flapping of the uneasy lake. The soil is rich by art and bears enormous crops of costly grapes. I love to see the Indian corn scattered here and there among the vines. Nothing is lost; no foot of soil, no ray of sunshine on a wall, but an apricot, a peach or a grape is reposing there. Use has not driven Beauty off: Men are not content with the sublime of nature, they must have the handsome artifice of flowers. Pinks, hollyhocks, marygolds, gillyflowers and the queenly rose bloom in all the little gardens. In the homely windows of a stone cottage in the narrow street of Montreuax, you will find a finer show of cactuses than all tropic Santa Cruz now presents to its proud and lazy inhabitants, equally incapable and regardless of beauty. Here, too, all is peace—it is the incidents of peace I have been speaking of. But only 80 miles off, as the crow flies are outposts of the Allies; two armies, numbering 300,000 men, are drawing near to kill each other, and before these lines reach you I suppose they will have reddened the ground with dreadful murder. No doubt the Austrians are the Devil to Italy; their name is Legion, and they have possessed it many a sad year—*i damnati Tedeschi*, as the Italians call them. Now Napoleon III., the Prince of that class of Devils, the very Beelzebub, comes to cast them out. It is good to get rid of the *old German Devil*, even if a new French one turns him off in this rough fashion—it is of a kind that goes not out except by fire and sword. I rejoice, therefore, in every French victory—it gives Italy some chance for freedom, though I hope little for the effete nations.

You and I may be thankful that our land is not trodden by the hoof of war; not yet, I mean. But the days will come when we also must write our great charter of liberty in blood. No nation in Europe has so difficult a problem to solve as America; none has so great a contradiction in the national consciousness. The spirit of despotism has a lodgment in the United States of America; 350,000 slaveholders keep 4,000,000 in a degraded bondage which Europe only knows in her ancient story, not from present facts. Besides there are 350,000 hunkers, entrenched behind the colleges, courts, markets and churches of America, who are arrayed, in their way, for the defence of this despotism, are deadly hostile to all the institutions of Democracy.

A great struggle goes on in Europe to-day, in *all* Europe. The actual war is local, confined to a small part of Italy; it may become general before you read this note, and be spread all over the land—for the *causes of war are everywhere.* It is the great battle of mankind against institutions which once helped, but now hinder, the progress of humanity, human nature against the limitations of human history. On the one side are the progressive instincts of the race demanding development, the enjoyment of their natural rights; on the other are the ecclesiastical and political dynasties which now possess the seats of power, and the weapons of authority, and say to mankind, "Thus far, but no farther!" We all know how such quarrels must end. Human instincts are a constant force, continually active, never wearing out, while dynasties perish and are not renewed.

The Pope will go with his Christianity where the Pontifex went with his heathenism; and one by one the despotisms of the kings will yield to the constitutional governments of the people. "Forward! Upward!" is God's word of command. All thrones, all markets, all churches which stand in the way, will be trodden under foot of man! The past life of mankind is a struggle with the elements, and a battle against its own rulers; but the handsome vineyards of Switzerland, and the vast cities of Europe, are the results of that struggle; the constitutional governments of England, Old and New, are the triumphs won in that battle! Alas, the fight must continue for years, perhaps for generations. But peace is sure to come at last. In this great European strife I find no man dares appeal to America for encouragement. Her 4,000,000 slaves, her attempts to revive the African slave trade, her Courts which lay waste the principles of Democracy and Justice, her Churches leagued with the stealers of men, are arguments for despotism and against a Republic. No doubt Austria is the hindmost State of Europe, the most mediæval and despotic; light enters Russia and is welcome, while Austria repels the dawn of day. But even this despotism has not a slave, while democratic America chains one-seventh of her population, and sets 4,000,000 men for sale! France is the ally of rising Italy; America the helper of Austria, which would hold back the world. Even in your festivities, dear friends, I beg you to remember this, and not be unmindful of what we owe the world. I trust you will enjoy the day before you, and return home the wiser for your delight. I know you will believe me faithfully yours, Theodore Parker.

MY PSALM.

BY J. G. WHITTIER.

I mourn no more my vanished years:
Beneath a tender rain,
An April rain of smiles and tears,
My heart is young again.

The west winds blow, and, singing low,
I hear the glad streams run;
The windows of my soul I throw
Wide open to the sun.

No longer forward nor behind
I look in hope and fear;
But, grateful, take the good I find,
The best of now and here.

I plough no more a desert land,
To harvest weed and tare;
The manna dropping from God's hand
Rebukes my painful care.

I break my pilgrim staff, I lay
Aside the toiling oar;
The angel sought so far away
I welcome at my door.

The airs of spring may never play
Among the ripening corn,
Nor freshness of the flowers of May
Blow through the autumn morn;

Yet shall the blue-eyed gentian look
Through fringèd lids to heaven,
And the pale aster in the brook
Shall see its image given;

The woods shall wear their robes of praise,
The south wind softly sigh,
And sweet, calm days in golden haze
Melt down the amber sky.

Not less shall manly deed and word
Rebuke an age of wrong;
The graven flowers that wreathe the sword
Make not the blade less strong.

But smiting hands shall learn to heal,
To build as to destroy;
Nor less my heart for others feel
That I the more enjoy.

All as God wills, who wisely heeds
To give or to withhold,
And knoweth more of all my needs
Than all my prayers have told!

Enough that blessings undeserved
Have marked my erring track—
That wheresoe'er my feet have swerved,
His chastening turned me back—

That more and more a Providence
Of love is understood,
Making the springs of time and sense
Sweet with eternal good—

That death seems but a covered way
Which opens into light,
Wherein no blinded child can stray
Beyond the Father's sight—

That care and trial seem at last,
Through Memory's sunset air,
Like mountain ranges overpast,
In purple distance fair—

That all the jarring notes of life
Seem blending in a psalm,
And all the angles of its strife
Slow rounding into calm.

And so the shadows fall apart,
And so the west winds play;
And all the windows of my heart
I open to the day.

—*Atlantic Monthly.*

THE DAY AFTER THE BATTLE.

[Henry J. Raymond, editor of *The New York Times*, was an eye-witness of the battle of Solferino, and on the following day was at Montechiaro, when the wounded of both armies were brought in from the field. We copy a part of his description of the heart-rending scene.]

At the entrance of the town stands a large building used as a hospital, fronting upon a small open space and being placed at the angle of two diverging roads. As the wounded arrived, those of them who could go no further were taken off the carts and left here, while the rest moved on to Brescia. I never saw so heart-rending a sight as was presented in front of that hospital. The army seems not to be provided with any means of removing the wounded, but relies entirely upon the conveyances they can procure from the surrounding peasantry. Everything for miles around had been called into requisition. For the most part they consisted of the rude, heavy ox carts of the farmers, made to carry stone or other ponderous articles over the fields. Each of them had a flat platform six or eight feet wide and twelve or fifteen long. Some hay was spread upon this, and upon that the wounded soldiers were placed as thickly as they could be laid—without shelter of any kind, or pillows for their heads or blankets for their limbs, except such as they might happen to have upon them. The weather has been excessively warm—the storm on the day of the battle being the last rain that has fallen—and yesterday and to-day the sky has been perfectly clear and the air heated with the warmest rays of an Italian sun. The roads are perfectly hard and very dusty—and it was utterly impossible for well persons to travel along them with any comfort without protection of some kind from the heat. You can judge then of the intense suffering which these thousands of maimed and mutilated creatures must have endured during that fearful journey of ten or fifteen miles—performed at the slowest pace of heavy oxen, and compelled constantly to stop by some interruption of the procession. It was enough to melt the most obdurate heart to see the state in which they arrived. The peasants who drove them seemed not to have the slightest sense of their condition, or to take the least pains to alleviate their agony. Some of the soldiers themselves—whose wounds were least serious and permitted them to move about—had cut branches from the willows and other trees that border the road, and made of them a slight shade for some of those who could only lie upon their backs, their faces turned to the brazen and the burning sky. As far as eye could see, a dense cloud of white dust marked the approach of the advancing train. As the carts came into the town, many of the poor wretches stretched out their hands, piteously crying for water, or for wine, as they were perishing of thirst. The people of the village had prepared, so far as possible, for their reception. Committees had been appointed, a quantity of soup had been prepared, and the young women and men of the place went to work to supply the most pressing necessities of the poor creatures who were suffering on their behalf. They went about from cart to cart, asking what each needed, and provided for them to the best of their ability. Austrians and French were mingled indiscriminately and were treated with precisely the same kindness and attention. As a general thing the Austrians were very badly wounded, and seemed to suffer terribly. They were, so far as had been convenient, placed upon the same carts—and frequently six or eight carts would arrive with none but Austrians upon them; but still more frequently there would be three to four Austrians upon a cart with twice as many French—and in many cases I have seen a French soldier assisting the Austrian, who lay by his side, into some easier position, or endeavoring to procure for him water or something else of which he seemed to be in need. All differences of nationality were submerged in the intense and overmastering agonies of their common fate. Upon one cart which came up lay an Austrian who had died on the road—and close by his side was a French soldier just able to raise himself from his place and beg for water. As he raised his head, he looked over at his companion and said, as if envying his lot, "Poor fellow—he needs nothing now." The Austrian lay at full length upon the cart—his hands crossed upon his breast, and his face, which was turned directly upward to the sun, wearing an expression of intense suffering. Five or six others, less severely wounded, were sitting in front. Upon another cart lay a poor fellow, entirely naked above his waist, except a broad bandage which had been passed around his body to protect a frightful wound received from a musket ball in his side—the ball seemed to have passed entirely through his body—his face was pale and inexpressibly sad—and he had just strength enough left to lift himself up and beg for water. It was immediately brought; and as soon as his condition was perceived, he was lifted off the cart in the blanket on which he was lying and placed in the hall of the hospital—but he lived only a few minutes longer. As they were lifting him out, the blanket was drawn from under the feet of another poor fellow lying in the same cart, and the motion extorted from him a cry of anguish more intense than I ever heard before.

But it is utterly useless to multiply notices of individual cases of suffering. Indeed it would be impossible to mention a hundredth part of the instances of dreadful agony which attracted my special attention at the time: and if each one of them could be described in writing, not even a faint impression would be given of the fearful horrors of the scene as it met the eye of a spectator. If you can imagine the open area in front of the City Hall filled with carts, upon every one of which lay from five to ten or twelve men in soldiers' uniform, so far as they were dressed at all—nearly all bareheaded, their faces, clothes and hands clotted with blood, groaning and writhing in pain—and then conceive Broadway, as far as the eye can see, to be filled with an unbroken procession of just such carts laden in the same sad style—the cattle bellowing, the drivers shouting, and with the usual accompaniments of a great and half-regulated crowd, you may form some idea of the character and magnitude of this dreadful scene. As a general thing the wounded made but little noise. Many of them were too much exhausted—none of them cried aloud, and comparatively few could be heard to groan. But there was no mistaking the expression of their efforts to suppress and conquer it. As I was riding through the principal street in Castiglione this afternoon, passing the largest hospital, I saw lying in the street, close to the wall, fifty or sixty Austrian wounded who had just been brought in from the field, and for whom no place within the building could yet be found. One of them, a large, powerful man, with an intelligent face, was sitting upright with his back against the wall and uttering with a chattering sound the most intense and heart-rending yells of pain. He looked eagerly into the face of every one who passed, as if he *must* have help—but he could only await his turn. In another part of the town, on a cross-road leading from the hill in front of Solferino, I met twenty one ox-carts laden with Austrians in every stage of suffering. One of the carts contained but two—and in the extremity of their agony they had half risen to their knees, grappled one another by the shoulder and were gazing into each other's faces with a fixed and stony look of frenzied horror which I shall never forget.

Just before dark on Sunday evening I looked into the large church in Castiglione, to which the greatest number of wounded were taken. It was a Catholic church, of course, as there are no others here. All the furniture of every kind had been taken out from the altar and side chapels, as well as from the nave of the building, and upon rows of mattrasses, extending lengthwise on the stone floor, as closely as they could lie, the wounded were placed. All whose injuries would permit their removal had been taken away and sent on to Montechiaro, Brescia and other towns, and only those were left who seemed very near their end. In one side chapel lay *eight* Austrians—two or three gasping for breath and in the very act of dying—and not one of the whole eight could possibly, as it seemed to me, live an hour. The entire floor was covered with the poor victims of war, nearly all rapidly approaching the same extremity. Men and women, charged with the care of them, were passing to and fro—not to soothe or comfort the dying, for there was no time for that—but looking for those who might still be saved. And over the altar, looking down upon this horrid scene, was an immense, well-painted, life-like picture illustrating the Sermon on the Mount, and representing the Redeemer saying to those about him, "*Blessed are the peace-makers, for they shall be called the children of God.*" What an awful comment did that scene present upon that sacred text!

MR. MAY'S LETTERS FROM EUROPE.

Correspondence of The Syracuse Standard.

Dresden, June 2, 1859.

Dear Friends: We have been here since the evening of the 27th; and the more I see of the city, the more I like it. It has almost displaced Vienna in my regard. The streets are wider and equally well paved and clean. And there are two squares larger than any I saw in the heart of the Austrian capital. Then the public gardens are as numerous and as fine; and the Park, just outside the city, is as extensive as the Prater, and more pleasant for a drive or walk, because not quite so even or regular. There is no so fine church here as St. Stephen's at Vienna; but the Zwinger in this city is finer than any other public building in that. Then, the river here is wider, and the stone bridges over it are more handsome. On the whole, if I write on in this strain, I shall lead you to believe that I am quite as well pleased with Dresden as with Vienna.

We found the city given up to preparations for the reception of Prince George, a son of the Elector of Saxony, with his bride, Maria Anna of Portugal. Many of the houses were decorated with garlands and festoons of evergreens and flowers, and the flags of Saxony and Spain. Flags, too, were flying from the bell towers of several churches, and festoons were stretched across the streets through which the bridal procession was to pass.

The next morning the people were abroad early, and in gala dresses. Societies of gentlemen, and clubs of the members of different trades and professions, with distinctive badges, were seen going from different parts of the city to a common place of meeting.

At 11, the report of heavy cannon announced the arrival of the expected ones. The bells of the churches clamored forth the welcome of the city. And, in due time, all who had placed themselves on her route got a sight of the fair lady. Fortunately we had located ourselves at a hotel upon one of the principal squares of the city, in which had been erected an imposing architectural structure (not an arch), under which the cortege was to pass.

I perched myself upon the seventh round of a ladder that was placed against the front of our hotel, and, from my elevated but uncomfortable seat, saw the whole. The procession must have been a mile in length, and was partly military, partly civic. Companies of infantry and cavalry preceded and followed the carriages containing the the bridal party. And then came, with bands of music at proper intervals, companies of all the different tradesmen and mechanics, of which the most conspicuous (I am sorry to say it) were cigar makers, some of whom were in a long, covered wagon, busily engaged in making the noisome, noxious things, much to the amusement of all beholders, excepting the few who, like myself, utterly disapprove of the use of tobacco. But I shall not be able to stay long enough in Europe to persuade the people (certainly not the Germans) to abandon the use of this "nasty weed," so I will go on with my story.

Soon after the cigar makers came a company of men whose business I like very much better—*the Printers.* They, too, were preceded by a large wagon, and in it was a printing-press—not, however, of the best American pattern—from which they were striking off very good likenesses of the bride and bridegroom. The larger part of what remained of the procession was composed of miners, and of those who work in metals. Saxony was once, I believe, distinguished for her mineral wealth—and still abounds in some precious ores—though far surpassed by Mexico, California and Australia.

When the procession reached the structure built especially in honor of the occasion, it halted, and the multitude were addressed briefly by the Prince. Of course they responded by cheers. But, as I was not near enough to hear him, I do not know how appropriate were his remarks, nor how pertinent were their commendations.

The bride was a pleasing person—but not any more so nor any more queenly in her look and bearing than a great many of my fair countrywomen, whom I could easily name.

I spent the afternoon in riding about, and taking a general survey of the city. This, I think, is the best way to begin one's visit to a new place.

The next day, being Sunday, I went to the great Catholic church connected with the palace of the Elector. I cannot say adjoining, for there is a wide and very public street between them—but there is a covered bridge from the second story of the palace to a gallery which overlooks the high altar of the church, where are four pews set apart for the royal family.

A vast majority of the people of Dresden, if not of Saxony, are Protestant. But for certain political considerations, it is said, the Elector, on his accession to the throne, declared in favor of the Roman Catholic Church. It seems, however, to be a sort of qualified Romanism that we see here. Unlike the churches of the Eternal City, the cathedral in Dresden seems to be constructed in the expectation that there is to be *preaching* to the people. A large part, nearly the whole, of the nave is furnished with pews, or rather slips, like Protestant churches, and most of the Roman Catholic churches that I have seen in our country. In each of the outside aisles there are also chapels, fitted up with slips of a similar kind. When I was there it appeared as if two kind of services were going on at the same time; in the nave there was a large congregation seated, to whom the priest was preaching from a pulpit with great earnestness; and in the side chapels there were congregations of men on one side, and women on the other, to whom priests were officiating in the service of mass. The music of the cathedral was made by an immense organ, a large choir and a large orchestra, violins, bass viols, clarionets, trumpets, bass and kettle drums. It was tremendously loud; to me not very solemn or impressive. But I am no connoisseur of music. I only know what pleases me, and seems to me appropriate to an occasion and a place. So I beg my friends not to infer from what I have said that this cathedral music may not have been the best; though they may know (if they wish to) that I did not like it.

In the afternoon I went to one of the Protestant churches. It was provided with seats for the accommodation of an immense audience. Not only was the floor covered with pews, but there were three galleries, one above the other, all round the church. So that I calculated there were accommodations for 3,000 hearers. I have since seen the interior of another, and still larger, Protestant church, provided, in like manner, with *seats* from the bottom to the top, which leads me to the inference that the Protestants in Germany, as well as in our country, consider preaching—instructing the people—to be a prominent duty of the ministers of religion.

Towards evening I walked out to one of the beautiful gardens on the bank of the river Elbe. There I found hundreds of people—men and women with their children, all neatly, some handsomely, dressed, walking about or sitting together, drinking coffee, beer or wine, enjoying the sunset and music, made by a full orchestra, provided by the proprietors of the garden. All appeared to be enjoying themselves, surrounded by their loved ones, and without excess. It seemed to me, however, that the music was not of a kind so elevating as it might have been at the same expense.

The next morning, May 30th, the large square upon which our hotel stands was literally full of market people. During the night eighty or a hundred booths had been erected, and were occupied at an early hour by men and women, offering for sale every variety of article of food, clothing and convenience. Besides these booths, there were fifty women, just in from the country, with fresh vegetables and fruits, which they were sheltering (with themselves) from the sun, by huge umbrellas ten and twelve feet in diameter. The whole presented a lively scene. Thrifty housewives or their trusty servants were out eagerly seeking the delicacies of the market, and together the buyers and sellers presented to our view quickly-shifted pictures of busy life.

Much of our time, since we have been in Dresden, has been spent in the Picture Gallery, which holds a very respectable rank, if not the highest, among the galleries in Europe. It certainly is better lighted than any I have yet seen, and abundantly supplied with chairs and settees, which, to persons whose strength, like mine, is not superabundant, are a great comfort.

There are more than 2,200 pictures in the Dresden Gallery, exposed in more than fifty rooms. It is no small labor, I assure you, to walk about and look at them all. I got more weary than in any other exercise. Unless one goes to such a collection to study the progress of the art, and learn the characteristics of the different schools and of particular artists, he is prompted continually to wish that the number to be looked at were very much smaller. For myself, I confess that, in such a place, I am wearied and confused by the many, more than I am delighted by the few.

In the same building with the paintings—*The Zwinger*—there are a number of rooms devoted to statuary. Most, if not all, of the specimens are casts. But they are finely executed, and therefore are very perfect representations of the originals. Of course, for such a collection, made at the expense of the Elector, only the best originals were selected. Therefore one may see here in Dresden good copies of almost all the best pieces of ancient sculpture in the world. I could not but wish, as I walked through this Gallery of Casts, that some of the wealthy men of our country would cause to be gathered at several central points, say Boston, *Syracuse* and Cincinnati, similar collections of statuary, and also copies of about five hundred of the best pictures in all Europe. There are not more that are really worth having. And so many as I have named could be procured for one or two hundred thousand dollars. Intimations enough have been given that there is a great deal of talent, latent as well as patent, in our country, for the fine arts. What we need are schools, in which these arts may be taught, and the genius of America properly developed. There are copyists in Rome, Florence, Bologna, Venice, Vienna, Dresden, Munich and Paris, who can so closely imitate the originals that even eminent connoisseurs have sometimes been deceived. Copies made by such artists might serve well enough as studies to many who cannot afford to come to Europe, where the works of the great masters will ever be kept.

I have allowed myself to enlarge so much upon the topic just closed that I must curtail the rest of my account of Dresden.

June 3d.—One forenoon, while we were there, we spent two hours in what is called the Green Vault. It is the depository of the jewels and precious keepsakes of the Court of Saxony. They occupy eight rooms, and are said to constitute the most valuable collection of the kind in Europe. The treasures stored there, as Murray says, "remind one of the gorgeous, dazzling magnificence of oriental despots, or the magic productions of Aladdin's lamp in the eastern tale." I cannot describe them. Every article, useful and ornamental, to be worn upon the persons of men or women, to be set upon the tables or the toilettes of kings and queens, or to gratify their love of the beautiful or the curious, was there displayed, in bronze, in ivory, silver, gold, in crystals, emeralds, jaspers, pearls, onyxes, diamonds, and every other precious and half precious stone. I came away without the slightest wish to be myself the possessor of so much useless treasure, but only wishing that it could be exhumed from that tomb, and converted to some beneficent purpose.

This forenoon I rode about the part of the city which is upon the other side of the river; found the streets wide, with rows of full-grown trees on either side, and very handsome houses. And I closed my sight-seeing in Dresden by a vist to the Library, which was very obligingly shown to me by one of the sub-librarians. It contains 600,000 volumes, and many valuable and curious manuscripts. Unlike the Papal Court and other governments, more under the dominion of the Pope, the Elector of Saxony and his Ministers have thrown open to the people this vast treasure-house of knowledge. All persons are allowed to consult and peruse books, in the reading-room; and the inhabitants are permitted to take volumes to their homes. This privilege is extended also to strangers, on the most reasonable conditions. We see here one of the many beneficent effects of the Protestant Reformation. Yours, truly, S. J. May.

P. S. I am sorry to say there are indications wherever we go that all the German nations will take part in this horrid war, unless it can be arrested where it now is, of which there appears to be little probability. Everywhere in Saxony and Bavaria, men were to be seen mustering in arms, and learning the arts of war.

You, probably, know what takes place in Piedmont, about as soon as we do. Very little *news* is allowed to circulate. The Austrian and German newspapers are none of them more than half—some of them not more than a quarter—as large as yours. We get most of our intelligence from the London *Times* and Galignani's English paper published in Paris.

Advertisements.

LIFE OF REV. JERMAIN W. LOGUEN. The Biography of Rev. Jermain W. Loguen is already written by an able pen, and would be at once published but for the pecuniary responsibilities incident to its publication.

The undersigned therefore issue this circular to the friends of Mr. Loguen and of the Underground Railroad, of which he has been, and still is, a faithful superintendent, to donate or subscribe for the publication. The amount of money to be raised to ensure its publication is $1,500—a sum quite too large for Mr. Loguen to assume consistently with his duties to the fugitive and to his family. We therefore invite the friends of Mr. Loguen and of the slave, by way of donation or subscription, to make up the sum of one thousand dollars.

When $1,000 is thus subscribed, the book will be immediately published, and the subscribers will receive the amount of the subscriptions in books if they wish. All over that sum Mr. Loguen will himself assume.

There are few men whose history is so marked with stirring incidents, instructive lessons, and encouraging examples, as Mr Loguen's. It contains the peculiarities of Mr. Loguen's childhood, his daring escape from bondage, the perils and hardships he endured in his passage to freedom, and the acts of subsequent manhood, which have honorably connected his name with the moral and political causes for the last 20 years, which, to a large extent, have made the subject of African Freedom the living topic of private and public circles, of the press, the pulpit and the State and National Legislatures.

The Book will be about the size of the Life of Frederick Douglass, in one volume, illustrated by a Steel Plate likeness of Mr. Loguen, and will be delivered to subscribers at the price of One Dollar. Subscriptions paid on delivery.

Hon. A. P. GRANGER, IRA H. COBB, ANSON G. CHESTER, MOSES SUMMERS, WM. E. ABBOTT, H. PUTNAM, ABNER BATES, C. PRINDLE, J. B. FOOTE.

Philadelphia Advertisements.

BOARDING HOUSE.—Respectable persons can be accomodated with genteel boarding, transient or permanent, by applying to the subscriber, No. 832 South street, below Ninth, Philadelphia. WILLIAM STILL.

CARRIAGE REPOSITORY.—The subscriber informs the public that he has opened his new Carriage Repository, No. 156 Race street, below Fifth, where he intends to keep an assortment of new and second-hand Carriages for sale or exchange, or to hire. Carriages made to order on moderate terms. Carriages sold on commission. Carriages neatly repaired. GEO. DODD, Philadelphia.

KENDERDINE & JUSTICE, Importers and Dealers in Foreign and Domestic HARDWARE, S. W. corner Spring Garden and Seventh streets, Phila. Constantly on hand a general assortment of Hardware, Cutlery &c., at the lowst cash prices, wholesale or retail. Particular attention paid to furnishing Hardware for buildings. JOSEPH R. KENDERDINE, | WARNER JUSTICE.

CONFECTIONERY—REMOVAL.—Leatitia Bullock, respectfully informs her friends and the public that she has removed to No. 152 North Sixth street, below Race, opposite the old stand, where she is prepared to furnish Ice Creams, Water Ices Jellies, Cakes, Candies, &c., of every description and of the best materials, all the produce of Free Labour, and warranted to give entire satisfaction. Parties and families furnished at shortest notice. Orders sent to any part of the city.

PRIZE MEDAL awarded in London, in 1851, for his superiority over all others in the manufacture of Travelling Trunks; Carpet Bags, Valices, Gum Shoes, Coaches Hobby Horses, and sole leather, steel spring, iron fame, iron-bound Trunks of all descriptions, of the best materials and workmanship. Black Leather Enamelled Bags, at the lowest prices. THOS. W. MATTSON, Trunk Manufacturer, 130 Market street, S W. cor. 4th, Philadelphia.

A LARGE assortment of SALAMANDER SAFES, of various sizes, always on hand, at No. 26 South Fourth street, Philadelphia. Warranted equal to any made in the United States. EVANS & WATSON, thankful for past favours, respectfully solicit a continuance of the same. Please give us a call before purchasing elsewhere. Patent slate-lined Refrigerators, Water Filters, &c. A large assortment always on hand.

N. B. Sole Agency for Butterworth's celebrated Bank Vault and Door Locks. These locks bid defiance to all lockpicks, Hobbs included.

SIGN of the MAMMOTH PEN, No. 72 N. Fourth street, (2d door below Arch), Phila., wholesale and retail Stationery; Blank Books, &c., which we will sell lower than the usual prices, English, French and American Cap, Letter and Note Papers, Envelopes, Sealing Wax, plain and fancy Wafers of every description, very superior Gold and Steel Pens, Ink and Inkstands, Sand Boxes, Wafer Cups, Paper Weights, plain and fancy Pen-holders, Drawing Pencils and Books, Bristol Board, Tracing Paper, Impression Paper, Tissue Paper, Visiting and Wedding Cards, Pocket Books, Portfollios, Bankers' Cases, Diaries, &c, Envelopes at 10 cents per 100 and 90 cents per 1000, *Mercantile Firms, Insurance Co., Banks*, &c., furnished with Blank Books, to order of the best materials and workmanship. CLOTHIER & FEDRICK, 72 N. Fourth street, below Arch street.

TO THOSE WHO ARE UNWILLING TO SUPPORT SLAVERY.—During the last twelve years a store of free labor goods has been kept at the N. W. corner of Fifth and Cherry streets, in this city, for the convenience of those who wish to avoid the use of the fruits of slavery. It will scarcely be denied that the rejection of slave labor cotton, sugar and rice is a good testimony against slavery—fully as influential against that system as a refusal to pay militia fines or to purchase prize goods is against war. Will not those who are willing to make a sacrifice, if need be, to sustain their convictions on the latter subject, lend their influence in like manner against slavery? This is the only Grocery kept by a Friend in the city. Much care is taken to keep good Sugars, Syrups, Molasses, Coffees, Teas, Cocoa, Chocolate, Rice, Spices, Fruit, &c., and a variety of Dry Goods. The proprietor aims to sell as low as he can to sustain the business. With double the patronage, prices could be somewhat reduced; probably every article could be sold as low as similar goods in the market. Many are so sold now. Those who favor the Store with their custom, and procure their Teas, Coffees, Spices, Chocolate and Cocoa, &c, will find the articles good, and free from adulteration. On hand, Dried Peaches of superior quality. GEORGE W. TAYLOR.

Equality to all! Uniformity of Prices! A new feature in Business Every one his own Salesman.

JONES & Co., of the Cresent One Price Clothing Store No. 200 Market street, above 6th, in addition to having the largest, most varied and fashionable stock of Clothing in Philadelphia, made expressly for retail sales, have constituted every one his own salesman, by having marked in figures, on each article, the very lowest price it can be sold for, so they cannot possibly vary—all must buy alike. The goods are all well sponged and prepared, and great pains taken with the making, so that all can buy with the full assurance of getting a good article at the very lowest price. Remember the Crescent in Market, above 6th, No. 200, Phila. JONES & CO.